

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

VOL. V.

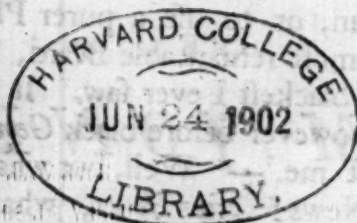
—— *Mores Hominum Multorum.*

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

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THE
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BOOK XIII.

Containing the Space of Twelve Days.

CHAP. I.

An Invocation.

COME, bright Love of Fame, inspire my glowing Breast : Not thee I call, who over swelling Tides of Blood and Tears, dost bear the Heroe on to Glory, while Sighs of Millions waft his spreading Sails ; but thee, fair, gentle
VOL. V. B Maid,

Maid, whom *Mnefis*, happy Nymph, first on the Banks of *Hebrus* didst produce. Thee, whom *Maonia* educated, whom *Mantua* charm'd, and who, on that fair Hill which overlooks the proud Metropolis of *Britain*, sat, with thy *Milton*, sweetly tuning the Heroic Lyre; fill my ravished Fancy with the Hopes of charming Ages yet to come. Fore-tel me that some tender Maid, whose Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious Name of *Sophia*, she reads the real Worth which once existed in my *Charlotte*, shall, from her sympathetic Breast, send forth the heaving Sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future Praise. Comfort me by a solemn Assurance, that when the little Parlour in which I sit at this Instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished Box, I shall be read, with Honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper Dame, whom no airy Forms nor Phantoms of Imagination cloathe: Whom the well-seasoned Beef, and Pudding richly stained with Plumbs delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a *Trachtbucht* in some *Dutch* Canal the

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fat Ufrow Gelt, impregnated by a jolly Merchant of *Amsterdam*, was delivered: In *Grubstreet-School* didst thou suck in the Elements of thy Erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer Age, taught Poetry to tickle not the Fancy, but the Pride of the Patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn Air; while Tragedy storms loud, and rends th' affrighted Theatres with its Thunder. To sooth thy wearied Limbs in Slumber, Alderman History tells his tedious Tale; and again to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprizing Tricks of Dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed Bookseller obeys thy Influence. By thy Advice the heavy, unread, Folio Lump, which long had dozed on the dusty Shelf, piece-mealed into Numbers, runs nimbly through the Nation. Instructed by thee some Books, like Quacks, impose on the World by promising Wonders; while others turn Beaus, and trust all their Merits to a gilded Outside. Come, thou jolly Substance, with thy shining Face, keep back thy Inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting Rewards; thy shining, chinking Heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-bill, big with unseen Riches; thy often-varying Stock; the warm, the comfortable House;

and, lastly, a fair Portion of that bounteous Mother, whose flowing Breasts yield redundant Sustenance for all her numerous Offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their Brethren from the Teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable Treasures, warm my Heart with the transporting Thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy Bounty, the prattling Babes, whose innocent Play hath often been interrupted by my Labours, may one Time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked Pair, this lean Shadow and this fat Substance, have prompted me to write, whose Assistance shall I invoke to direct my Pen?

First, Genius; thou Gift of Heaven; without whose Aid, in vain we struggle against the Stream of Nature. Thou, who dost sow the generous Seeds which Art nourishes, and brings to Perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the Hand, and lead me through all the Mazes, the winding Labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all those Mysteries which profane Eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult Task,
to

to know Mankind better than they know themselves. Remove that Mist which dims the Intellects of Mortals, and causes them to adore Men for their Art, or to detest them for their Cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in reality, the Objects only of Ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin Disguise of Wisdom from Self-Conceit, of Plenty from Avarice, and of Glory from Ambition. Come thou, that hast inspired thy *Aristophanes*, thy *Lucian*, thy *Cervantes*, thy *Rabelais*, thy *Moliere*, thy *Shakespear*, thy *Swift*, thy *Marivaux*, fill my Pages with Humour; 'till Mankind learn the Good-Nature to laugh only at the Follies of others, and the Humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant Attendant on true Genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender Sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy *Allen* and thy *Lyttleton*, steal them a little while from their Bosoms. Not without these the tender Scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble, disinterested Friendship, the melting Love, the generous Sentiment, the ardent Gratitude, the soft Compassion, the candid Opinion; and all those strong Ener-

gies of a good Mind, which fill the moistened Eyes with Tears, the glowing Cheeks with Blood, and swell the Heart with Tides of Grief, Joy and Benevolence.

And thou, O Learning, (for without thy Assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can Genius produce) do thou guide my Pen. Thee, in thy favourite Fields, where the limpid, gently rolling *Thames* washes thy *Etonian* Banks, in early Youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen Altar, with true *Spartan* Devotion, I have sacrificed my Blood. Come, then, and from thy vast, luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profusion. Open thy *Maonian* and thy *Mantuan* Coffers, with whatever else includes thy Philosophic, thy Poetic, and thy Historical Treasures, whether with *Greek* or *Roman* Characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous Chests: Give me a-while that Key to all thy Treasures, which to thy *Warburton* thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come Experience long conversant with the Wise, the Good, the Learned, and the Polite. Nor with them only,
but

but with every Kind of Character, from the Minister at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-House ; from the Dutchess at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Mankind be known ; to which the recluse Pedant, however great his Parts, or extensive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible ; for arduous is the Task I have undertaken : And without all your Assistance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my Labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy Conclusion.

C H A P. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his Arrival in London.

THE learned Dr. *Misaubin* used to say, that the proper Direction to him was, *To Dr. Misaubin, in the World*; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we shall find that this Circumstance bears no inconsiderable Part among the many Blessings of Grandeur.

The great Happiness of being known to Posterity, with the Hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the several Elements which compose our Names, as *Sydenham* expresses it, repeated a thousand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth; and is scarce to be purchased, unless by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the scandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being *one* whom

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whom No-body knows, (a Scandal, by the by, as old as the Days of *Homer**) will always be the envied Portion of those, who have a legal Title either to Honour or Estate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the *Irish* Peer, who brought *Sophia* to Town, hath already made in this History, the Reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy Matter to have discovered his House in *London*, without knowing the particular Street or Square which he inhabited, since he must have been one *whom every Body knows*. To say the Truth, so it would have been to any of those Tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the Regions of the Great: For the Doors of the Great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get Entrance into them. But *Jones*, as well as *Partridge*, was an entire Stranger in *London*; and as he happened to arrive first in a Quarter of the Town, the Inhabitants of which have very little Intercourse with the Householders of *Hanover* or *Grosvenor* Square, (for he entered through *Grays-Inn* Lane) so he rambled about some Time, before he could even find his Way to those

* See the 2d *Odyssy*, ver. 175.

happy Mansions, where Fortune segregates from the Vulgar, those magnanimous Heroes, the Descendants of antient *Britons*, *Saxons*, or *Danes*, whose Ancestors being born in better Days, by sundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Posterity.

Jones being at length arrived at those terrestrial *Elysian* Fields, would now soon have discovered his Lordship's Mansion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former House when he went for *Ireland*; and as he was just entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a successful Enquiry 'till the Clock had struck Eleven, *Jones*, at last, yielded to the Advice of *Partridge*, and retreated to the *Bull and Gate* in *Holborn*, that being the Inn where he had first alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that Kind of Repose, which usually attends Persons in his Circumstances.

Early in the Morning he again set forth in Pursuit of *Sophia*; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to disappoint him, he came into the

very

very Street which was honoured by his Lordship's Residence ; and being directed to the House, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modesty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Person approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. *Jones*, who was drest in a Suit of Fustian, and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchased of the Serjeant ; of which, tho' the Blade might be composed of well-tempered Steel, the Handle was composed only of Brass, and that none of the brightest. When *Jones*, therefore, enquired after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordship, this Fellow answered furlily, ' That there were no Ladies there.' *Jones* then desired to see the Master of the House ; but was informed that his Lordship would see no Body that Morning. And upon growing more pressing, the Porter said, ' He had positive Orders to let no Person in ; but if you think proper,' said he, ' to leave your Name, I will acquaint his Lordship ; and if you call another Time, you shall know when he will see you.'

Jones now declared, ' that he had very particular Business with the young Lady, and could not depart without seeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aspect, affirmed, ' That there was no young Lady in that House, and,' consequently, ' none could be see;' adding, ' Sure you are the strangest Man I ever met with; for you will not take an Answer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Description of *Cerberus* the Porter of Hell, in the 6th *Aeneid*, *Virgil* might possibly intend to satyrize the Porters of the great Men in his Time; the Picture, at least, resembles those who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our great Men. The Porter in his Lodge, answers exactly to *Cerberus* in his Den, and, like him, must be appeased by a Sop, before Access can be gained to his Master. Perhaps *Jones* might have seen him in that Light, and have recollected the Passage, where the Sybil, in order to procure an Entrance for *Aeneas*, presents the Keeper of the *Stygian* Avenue with such a Sop. *Jones*, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human *Cerberus*, which a Footman overhearing, instantly

instantly advanced, and declared, ‘ if Mr. Jones would give him the Sum proposed, he would conduct him to the Lady.’ Jones instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of M^s. *Fitzpatrick*, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Success than the near Approach to Good. The Gamester, who loses his Party at Piquet by a single Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Prospect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In short, these kind of hair-breadth Missings of Happiness, look like the Insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing Tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our Expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome Disposition of the Heathen Goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, about ten Minutes after the
Departure

Departure of *Sophia*. He now addressed himself to the Waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; who told him the disagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same Answer he afterwards received from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* herself. For as that Lady made no doubt but that Mr. *Jones* was a Person detached from her Uncle *Western*, in Pursuit of his Daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though *Jones* had never seen Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, yet he had heard that a Cousin of *Sophia* was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the present Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordship's, acquainted him with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Cousin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same Woman, he became more surprized at the Answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired Leave to wait on the Lady herself; but she as positively refused him that Honour.

Jones,

Jones, who, though he had never seen a Court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the present, saying to the waiting Woman, ‘ That if this was an improper Hour to wait on her Lady, he would return in the Afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the Honour of seeing her.’ The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comeliness of his Person, made an Impression on the Waiting-Woman, and she could not help answering; ‘ Perhaps, Sir, you may :’ And, indeed, she afterwards said every Thing to her Mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a Visit from the handsome young Gentleman; for so she called him.

Jones very shrewdly suspected, that *Sophia* herself was now with her Cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Resentment of what had happened at *Upton*. Having, therefore, dispatched *Partridge* to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but

but no Person did he see issue forth, except a Servant of the House. And in the Evening he returned to pay his Visit to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, which that good Lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dress to give, nor to conceal. Mr. *Jones*, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, somewhat different from what his Apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Respects, was desired to sit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Conversation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor *Jones*. For though Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* soon discovered the Lover, (as all Women have the Eyes of Hawks in those Matters) yet she still thought it was such a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. *Bliss*, from whom *Sophia* had flown; and all the Answers which she artfully drew from *Jones*, concerning Mr. *Allworthy's* Family, confirmed

firmed her in this Opinion. She therefore strictly denied any Knowledge concerning the Place whither *Sophia* was gone; not could *Jones* obtain more than a Permission to wait on her again the next Evening.

When *Jones* was departed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* communicated her Suspicion concerning Mr. *Blifil*, to her Maid; who answered, ‘ Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a Man, in my Opinion, for any Woman in the World to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. *Jones*.’—Mr. *Jones*,’ said the Lady, ‘ what *Jones*?’ For *Sophia* had not given the least Hint of any such Person in all their Conversation: But Mrs. *Honour* had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her Sister *Abigail* with the whole History of *Jones*, which this now again related to her Mistress.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* no sooner received this Information, than she immediately agreed with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw Charms in the gallant, happy Lover, which she had overlooked in the slighted Squire. ‘ *Betty*,’ says she, ‘ you are certainly in the right: He is a very pretty Fellow, and I don’t wonder that my Cousin’s Maid should tell
‘ you

‘ you so many Women are fond of him;
‘ I am sorry now I did not inform him
‘ where my Cousin was : And yet if he be
‘ so terrible a Rake as you tell me, it is a
‘ Pity she should ever see him any more ;
‘ for what but her Ruin can happen from
‘ marrying a Rake and a Beggar against
‘ her Father’s Consent. I protest, if he be
‘ such a Man as the Wench described him
‘ to you, it is but an Office of Charity to
‘ keep her from him ; and, I am sure, it
‘ would be unpardonable in me to do other-
‘ wise, who have tasted so bitterly of the
‘ Misfortunes attending such Marriages.’

Here she was interrupted by the Arrival of a Visitor, which was no other than his Lordship ; and as nothing passed at this Visit either new, or extraordinary, or any Ways material to this History, we shall here put an End to this Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

A Project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her Visit to Lady Bellaſton.

WHEN Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* retired to Reſt, her Thoughts were entirely taken up by her Couſin *Sophia* and Mr. *Jones*. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the Diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered. In which Meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her Imagination, before the following Conceit ſuggeſted itſelf: That could ſhe poſſibly become the Means of preſerving *Sophia* from this Man, and of reſtoring her to her Father, ſhe ſhould, in all human Probability, by ſo great a Service to the Family, reconcile to herſelf both her Uncle and her Aunt *Western*.

As this was one of her moſt favourite Wiſhes, ſo the Hope of Succeſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper Methods to accompliſh her Scheme. To attempt to reaſon the Caſe with *Sophia*, did not appear to her one of thoſe Methods: For as *Betty* had reported from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had
a vio-

a violent Inclination to *Jones*, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the Match, was an Endeavour of the same Kind as it would be, very heartily and earnestly to entreat a Moth not to fly into a Candle.

If the Reader will please to remember, that the Acquaintance which *Sophia* had with Lady *Bellafton*, was contracted at the House of Mrs. *Western*, and must have grown at the very Time when Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* lived with this latter Lady, he will want no Information, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant Relations.

After much Consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the Morning to that Lady, and endeavour to see her, unknown to *Sophia*, and to acquaint her with the whole Affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent Lady, who had often ridiculed romantic Love, and indiscreet Marriages, in her Conversation, would very readily concur in her Sentiments concerning this Match, and would lend her utmost Assistance to prevent it.

This

This Resolution she accordingly executed; and the next Morning before the Sun, she huddled on her Cloaths, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable Hour went to Lady *Bellaſton*, to whom she got Access, without the least Knowledge or Suspicion of *Sophia*, who though not asleep, lay at that Time awake in her Bed, with *Honour* snoring by her Side.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* made many Apologies for this early, abrupt Visit, at an Hour ‘when,’ she said, ‘she should not have ‘thought of disturbing her Ladyship, but ‘upon Business of the utmost Consequence.’ She then opened the whole Affair, told all she had heard from *Betty*; and did not forget the Visit which *Jones* had paid to herself the preceding Evening.

Lady *Bellaſton* answered with a Smile, ‘Then you have seen this terrible Man, ‘Madam; pray is he so very fine a Figure ‘as he is represented? For *Etoff* entertained me last Night almost two Hours with ‘him. The Wench I believe is in Love ‘with him by Reputation.’ Here the Reader will be apt to wonder, but the Truth

Truth is that Mrs. *Etoff* who had the Honour to pin and unpin the Lady *Bellaſton*, had received complete Information concerning the ſaid Mr. *Jones*, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her Lady laſt Night (or rather that Morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which Accounts he had been detained in her Office above the Space of an Hour and half.

The Lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the Narratives of Mrs. *Etoff* at thoſe Seasons, gave an extraordinary Attention to her Account of *Jones*, for *Honour* had deſcribed him as a very handſome Fellow, and Mrs. *Etoff* in her Hurry added ſo much to the Beauty of his Perſon to her Report, that Lady *Bellaſton* began to conceive him to be a kind of Miracle in Nature.

The Curioſity which her Woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who ſpoke as much in Favour of the Perſon of *Jones*, as ſhe had before ſpoken in Diſpraiſe of his Birth, Character and Fortune.

When Lady *Bellaſton* had heard the whole, ſhe answered gravely, ‘ Indeed
‘ Madam,

‘ Madam, this is a Matter of great Consequence. Nothing can certainly be more commendable than the Part you act, and I shall be very glad to have my Share in the Preservation of a young Lady of so much Merit, and for whom I have so much Esteem.

‘ Doth not your Ladyship think, says Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* eagerly, that it would be the best Way to write immediately to my Uncle, and acquaint him where my Cousin is?’

The Lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered—‘ Why, no, Madam, I think not. *Di Western* hath described her Brother to me to be such a Brute, that I cannot consent to put any Woman under his Power who hath escaped from it. I have heard he behaved like a Monster to his own Wife; for he is one of those Wretches who think they have a Right to tyrannize over us, and from such I shall ever esteem it the Cause of my Sex to rescue any Woman who is so unfortunate to be under their Power. — The Business, dear Cousin, will be only to keep Miss *Western* from seeing this young Fellow, till the good Company, which she will have

‘ have an Opportunity of meeting here,
 ‘ give her a properer Turn.’

‘ If he should find her out, Madam,
 ‘ answered the other, your Ladyship may
 ‘ be assured he will leave nothing unattempt-
 ‘ ed to come at her.

‘ But Madam, replied the Lady, it is
 ‘ impossible he should come here,—tho’
 ‘ indeed it is possible he may get some In-
 ‘ telligence where she is, and then may
 ‘ lurk about the House. — I wish there-
 ‘ fore I knew his Person.’

‘ Is there no Way, Madam, by which I
 ‘ could have a Sight of him ? For otherwise
 ‘ you know, Cousin, she may contrive to
 ‘ see him here without my Knowledge.’ Mrs.
 ‘ *Fitzpatrick* answer’d, that he had threatened
 ‘ her with another Visit that Afternoon, and
 ‘ that if her Ladyship pleased to do her the
 ‘ Honour of calling upon her then, she
 ‘ would hardly fail of seeing him between
 ‘ six and seven, and if he came earlier she
 ‘ would, by some Means or other, detain
 ‘ him till her Ladyship’s Arrival.’ —
 Lady *Bellafton* replied, ‘ she would come
 ‘ the Moment she could get from Dinner,
 ‘ which she supposed would be by seven at
 ‘ farthest, for that it was absolutely necessa-

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‘ ry she should be acquainted with his Person.
 ‘ Upon my Word, Madam, says she, it was
 ‘ very good to take this Care of Miss *Western*,
 ‘ but common Humanity as well as Regard
 ‘ to our Family requires it of us both, for
 ‘ it would be a dreadful Match indeed.’

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* failed not to make a proper Return to the Compliment which Lady *Bellaston* had bestow’d on her Cousin, and after some little immaterial Conversation withdrew, and getting as fast as she could into her Chair unseen by *Sophia* or *Honour*, returned home.

C H A P. IV.

Which consists of Visiting.

MR. *Jones* had walked within Sight of a certain Door during the whole Day, which, though one of the shortest, appeared to him to be one of the longest in the whole Year. At length the Clock having struck five he returned to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who, though it was a full Hour earlier than the decent Time of visiting, receiv’d him very civilly; but still persisted in her Ignorance concerning *Sophia*.

Jones in asking for his Angel, had drop'd the Word Cousin; upon which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* said, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related, and as we are, you will permit me the Right of enquiring into the Particulars of your Business with my Cousin.' Here *Jones* hesitated a good while, and at last answered, He had a considerable Sum of Money of hers in his Hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the Pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* with the Contents, and with the Method in which they came into his Hands. He had scarce finished his Story when a most violent Noise shook the whole House. To attempt to describe this Noise to those who have heard it would be in vain, and to aim at giving any Idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: For it may be truly said,

————— *Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

*The Priests of Cybele do not so rattle their
 sounding Brass.*

In short a Footman knocked, or rather thundered at the Door. *Jones* was a little surprised

surprised at the Sound, having never heard it before ; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very calmly said, that as some Company were coming, she could not make him any Answer now ; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The Door of the Room now flew open, and, after pushing in her Hoop sideways before her, entered Lady *Bellaſton*, who having first made a very low Curtesy to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and as low a one to Mr. *Jones*, was ushered to the upper End of the Room.

We mention these minute Matters for the Sake of some Country Ladies of our Acquaintance, who think it contrary to the Rules of Modesty to bend their Knees to a Man.

The Company were hardly well settled, before the Arrival of the Peer lately mentioned caused a fresh Disturbance and a Repetition of Ceremonials.

These being over, the Conversation began to be (as the Phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this History, or,

indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the Relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite Conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into Books, or repeated on the Stage. Indeed this mental Repast is a Dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite Assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several Dainties of *French* Cookery, which are only served at the Tables of the Great. To say the Truth, as neither of these are adapted to every Taste, they might both be often thrown away on the Vulgar.

Poor *Jones* was rather a Spectator of this elegant Scene, than an Actor in it; for though in the short Interval before the Peer's Arrival, Lady *Bellafton* first, and afterwards Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, had addressed some of their Discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble Lord entered, than he engrossed the whole Attention of the two Ladies to himself; and as he took no more Notice of *Jones* than if no such Person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the Ladies followed his Example.

The

The Company had now staid so long, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved to rid herself of *Jones*, he being the Visitant, to whom she thought the least Ceremony was due. Taking therefore an Opportunity of a Cessation of Chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said, ‘ Sir, I shall not possibly be able
‘ to give you an Answer To-night, as to
‘ that Business ; but if you please to leave
‘ Word where I may send to you To-mor-
‘ row’ ———

Jones had natural, but not artificial good Breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the Secret of his Lodgings to a Servant, he acquainted the Lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew.

He was no sooner gone, than the great Personages who had taken no Notice of him present, began to take much Notice of him in his Absence ; but if the Reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant Part of this Conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the Repetition of what may be called vulgar Abuse :

buse: Though, perhaps, it may be material to our History to mention an Observation of Lady *Bellaſton*, who took her Leave in a few Minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, at her Departure. ‘ I am ſatisfied on the Account of my Couſin, ſhe can be in no Danger from this Fellow.’

Our History ſhall follow the Example of Lady *Bellaſton*, and take Leave of the preſent Company, which was now reduced to two Perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our Reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from Matters which muſt ſeem of more Conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the Affairs of our Heroe.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

An Adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, at his Lodgings, with some Account of a young Gentleman who lodged there, and of the Mistress of the House, and her two Daughters.

THE next Morning as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's Door, where he was answered that the Lady was not at Home; an Answer which surpris'd him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the Street from Break of Day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This Answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several Visits which he made her that Day. To be plain with the Reader, the noble Peer had from some Reason or other, perhaps from a Regard for the Lady's Honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a Scrub, any more; and the Lady had complied in making that Promise to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

But as our gentle Reader may possibly have a better Opinion of the young Gentleman than her Ladyship, and may even have some Concern, should it be apprehended, that during this unhappy Separation from *Sophia*, he took up his Residence either at an Inn, or in the Street; we shall now give an Account of his Lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable House, and in a very good Part of the Town.

Mr. *Jones* then had often heard Mr. *Allworthy* mention the Gentlewoman at whose House he used to lodge when he was in Town. This Person, who as *Jones* likewise knew, lived in *Bond-Street*, was the Widow of a Clergyman, and was left by him at his Decease, in Possession of two Daughters, and of a compleat Set of Manuscript Sermons.

Of these two Daughters, *Nancy*, the elder, was now arrived at the Age of seventeen, and *Betty*, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither *Jones* had dispatched *Partridge*, and in this House he was provided with a
Room

Room for himself in the second Floor, and with one for *Partridge* in the fourth.

The first Floor was inhabited by one of those young Gentlemen, who, in the last Age were called Men of Wit and Pleasure about Town, and properly enough: For as Men are usually denominated from their Business or Profession, so Pleasure may be said to have been the only Business or Profession of those Gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all useful Occupations unnecessary. Play-Houses, Coffee-Houses and Taverns were the Scenes of their Rendezvous. Wit and Humour were the Entertainment of their looser Hours, and Love was the Business of their more serious Moments. Wine and the Muses conspired to kindle the brightest Flames in their Breasts; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the Beauty they admired, and all to judge of the Merit of such Compositions.

Such therefore were properly called the Men of Wit and Pleasure; but I question whether the same Appellation may, with the same Propriety, be given to those young Gentlemen of our Times, who have the

same Ambition to be distinguished for Parts- Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they soar a Step higher than their Predecessors, and may be called Men of Wisdom and Vertù (take heed you do not read Virtue). Thus at an Age when the Gentlemen abovementioned employed their Time in toasting the Charms of a Woman, or in making Sonnets in her Praise; in giving their Opinion of a Play at the Theatre, or of a Poem at *Will's* or *Button's*; these Gentlemen are considering of Methods to bribe a Corporation, or meditating Speeches for the House of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the Science of Gaming is that which above all others employs their Thoughts. These are the Studies of their graver Hours, while for their Amusements they have the vast Circle of Connoisseurship, Painting, Music, Statuary, and natural Philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the Wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her Monsters and Imperfections.

When *Jones* had spent the whole Day in vain Enquiries after Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he returned at last disconsolate to his Apartment. Here while he was venting his Grief in private, he heard a violent Uproar

below Stairs; and soon after a female Voice begged him for Heaven's Sake to come and prevent Murder. *Jones*, who was never backward on any Occasion, to help the Distressed, immediately ran down Stairs; when stepping into the Dining-room, whence all the Noise issued, he beheld the young Gentleman of Wisdom and *Vertù* just before mentioned, pinned close to the Wall by his Footman, and a young Woman standing by, wringing her Hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor Gentleman seemed in some Danger of being choaked, when *Jones* flew hastily to his Assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful Clutches of the Enemy.

Though the Fellow had received several Kicks and Cuffs from the little Gentleman, who had more Spirit than Strength, he had made it a kind of Scruple of Conscience to strike his Master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards *Jones* he bore no such Respect: He no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new Antagonist, than he gave him one of those Punches in the Guts, which, tho' the Spectators

at *Broughton's* Amphitheatre have such exquisite Delight in Seeing them, convey but very little Pleasure in the Feeling.

The lusty Youth had no sooner received this Blow, than he meditated a most grateful Return; and now ensued a Combat between *Jones* and the Footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this Fellow was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than his Master had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her usual Custom, reversed the Face of Affairs, the former Victor lay breathless on the Ground, and the vanquished Gentleman had recovered Breath enough to thank Mr. *Jones* for his seasonable Assistance: He received likewise the hearty Thanks of the young Woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss *Nancy*, the eldest Daughter of the House.

The Footman having now recovered his Legs, shook his Head at *Jones*, and with a sagacious Look, cry'd, — O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with you, you have been upon the Stage, or I am d—nably mistaken; And indeed we may forgive

give this his Suspicion ; for such was the Agility and Strength of our Heroe, that he was perhaps a Match for one of the first Rate Boxers, and could, with great Ease, have beaten all the muffled * Graduates of Mr. *Broughton's* School.

His Master foaming with Wrath, ordered his Man immediately to strip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on Condition of receiving his Wages. This Condition was presently complied with, and the Fellow was discharged.

* Left Posterity should be puzzled by this Epithet, I think proper to explain it by an Advertisement which was published *Feb. 1. 1747.*

N. B. Mr. *Broughton* proposes, with proper Assistance, to open an Academy at his House in the *Hay-Market*, for the Instruction of those who are willing to be initiated in the Mystery of Boxing ; where the whole Theory and Practice of that truly *British* Art, with all the various Stops, Blows, Cross-Buttocks, &c. incident to Combatants, will be fully taught and explain'd ; and that Persons of Quality and Distinction may not be deterred from entering into a Course of these Lectures, they will be given with the utmost Tendernefs and Regard to the Delicacy of the Frame and Constitution of the Pupil, for which Reason Mufflers are provided, that will effectually secure them from the Inconveniency of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Noses.

And now the young Gentleman whose Name was *Nightingale*, very strenuously insisted, that his Deliverer should take Part of a Bottle of Wine with him; to which *Jones*, after much Entreaty, consented; tho' more out of Complaisance than Inclination; for the Uneasiness of his Mind fitted him very little for Conversation at this Time. Miss *Nancy* likewise, who was the only Female then in the House, her Mama and Sister being both gone to the Play, condescended to favour them with her Company.

When the Bottle and Glasses were on the Table, the Gentleman began to relate the Occasion of the preceding Disturbance.

‘ I hope, Sir, said he to *Jones*, you will
‘ not, from this Accident, conclude, that
‘ I make a Custom of striking my Ser-
‘ vants; for I assure you this is the first
‘ Time I have been guilty of it in my Re-
‘ membrance, and I have passed by many
‘ provoking Faults in this very Fellow, before
‘ he could provoke me to it; but when
‘ you hear what hath happened this Eve-
‘ ning, you will, I believe, think me ex-
‘ cuseable. I happened to come home se-
‘ veral

‘veral Hours before my usual Time, when
 ‘I found four Gentlemen of the Cloth at
 ‘Whisk by my Fire ; —and my *Hoyle*, Sir,
 ‘—my best *Hoyle*, which cost me a Guinea,
 ‘lying open on the Table, with a Quanti-
 ‘ty of Porter spilt on one of the most ma-
 ‘terial Leaves of the whole Book. This,
 ‘you will allow, was provoking ; but I
 ‘said nothing till the rest of the honest
 ‘Company were gone, and then gave the
 ‘Fellow a gentle Rebuke, who, instead of
 ‘expressing any Concern, made me a pert
 ‘Answer, “ That Servants must have their
 “ Diversions as well as other People ; that
 “ he was sorry for the Accident which had
 “ happened to the Book ; but that several
 “ of his Acquaintance had bought the
 “ same for a Shilling ; and that I might
 “ stop as much in his Wages if I pleased : ”
 ‘I now gave him a severer Reprimand than
 ‘before, when the Rascal had the Insolence
 ‘to — In short he imputed my early
 ‘coming Home to — In short, he cast
 ‘a Reflection, — He mentioned the
 ‘Name of a young Lady, in a Manner
 ‘— In such a Manner that incensed me
 ‘beyond all Patience, and, in my Passion,
 ‘I struck him.’

Jones answered, ‘ That he believed no
‘ Person living would blame him ; for my
‘ Part, said he, I confess I should, on the
‘ last mentioned Provocation, have done
‘ the same Thing.’

Our Company had not sat long before they were joined by the Mother and Daughter, at their Return from the Play. And now they all spent a very chearful Evening together, for all but *Jones* were heartily merry, and even he put on as much constrained Mirth as possible. Indeed half his natural Flow of animal Spirits, joined to the Sweetness of his Temper, was sufficient to make a most amiable Companion ; and notwithstanding the Heaviness of his Heart, so agreeable did he make himself on the present Occasion, that, at their breaking up, the young Gentleman earnestly desired his further Acquaintance. Miss *Nancy* was well pleased with him ; and the Widow, quite charm’d with her new Lodger, invited him with the other, next Morning to Breakfast.

Jones, on his Part, was no less satisfied. As for Miss *Nancy*, tho’ a very little Creature, she was extremely pretty, and the Widow had all the Charms which can adorn a Woman near fifty. As she was one of the
most

most innocent Creatures in the World, so she was one of the most chearful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished any ill, and had constantly that Desire of pleasing, which may be called the happiest of all Desires in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its Ends, when not disgraced by Affectation. In short, though her Power was very small, she was in her Heart one of the warmest Friends. She had been a most affectionate Wife, and was a most fond and tender Mother.

As our History doth not, like a Newspaper, give great Characters to People who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the Reader may hence conclude, that this excellent Woman will hereafter appear to be of some Importance in our History.

Nor was *Jones* a little pleased with the young Gentleman himself, whose Wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good Sense, though a little too much tainted with Town Foppery; but what recommended him most to *Jones* were some Sentiments of great Generosity and Humanity, which occasionally dropt from him; and particularly many Expressions of the highest Disinterestedness in the
Affair

Affair of Love. On which Subject the young Gentleman delivered himself in a Language which might have very well become an *Arcadian* Shepherd of Old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the Lips of a modern fine Gentleman, but he was only one by Imitation, and meant by Nature for a much better Character.

C H A P. VI.

What arrived while the Company were at Breakfast, with some Hints concerning the Government of Daughters.

OUR Company brought together in the Morning the same good Inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the Evening before ; but poor *Jones* was extreme disconsolate ; for he had just received Information from *Partridge*, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had left her Lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This News highly afflicted him, and his Countenance, as well as his Behaviour, in Defiance of all his Endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest Indications of a disordered Mind.

The Discourse turned at present, as before, on Love ; and Mr. *Nightingale* again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested Sentiments upon this Subject, which wise and sober Men call romantic, but

but which wise and sober Women generally regard in a better Light. Mrs. *Miller*, (for so the Mistress of the House was called) greatly approved these Sentiments; but when the young Gentleman appealed to Miss *Nancy*, she answered only, ‘ That she believed the Gentleman who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.’

This Compliment was so apparently directed to *Jones*, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite Answer, and concluded with an oblique Hint, that her own Silence subjected her to a Suspicion of the same Kind: For indeed she had scarce opened her Lips either now, or the last Evening.,

‘ I am glad, *Nanny*, says Mrs. *Miller*, the Gentleman hath made the Observation; I protest I am almost of his Opinion. What can be the Matter with you, Child? I never saw such an Alteration. What is become of all your Gayety? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her my little Prattler. She hath not spoke twenty Words this Week.’

Here their Conversation was interrupted by the Entrance of a Maid-Servant, who brought

brought a Bundle in her Hands, which, she said, ‘ was delivered by a Porter for Mr. *Jones*.’ She added, ‘ that the Man ‘ immediately went away, saying, it required ‘ no Answer.’

Jones expressed some Surprize on this Occasion, and declared it must be some Mistake : But the Maid persisting that she was certain of the Name, all the Women were desirous of having the Bundle immediately opened ; which Operation was at length performed by little *Betsy*, with the Consent of Mr. *Jones* ; and the Contents were found to be a Domino, a Mask, and a Masquerade Ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting, that these Things must have been delivered by Mistake ; and Mrs. *Milner* herself expressed some Doubt, and said, ‘ she knew not what to think.’ But when Mr. *Nightingale* was asked, he delivered a very different Opinion. ‘ All I can conclude from it, Sir,’ said he, ‘ is, that you ‘ are a very happy Man : For I make no ‘ doubt but these were sent you by some ‘ Lady whom you will have the Happiness of meeting at the Masquerade.’

Jones

Jones had not a sufficient Degree of Vanity to entertain any such flattering Imagination; nor did *Mrs. Miller* herself give much Assent to what *Mr. Nightingale* had said, 'till *Miss Nancy* having lifted up the Domino, a Card dropt from the Sleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

*The Queen of the Fairies sends you this,
Use her Favours not amiss.*

Mrs. Miller and *Miss Nancy* now both agreed with *Mr. Nightingale*; nay, *Jones* himself was almost persuaded to be of the same Opinion. And as no other Lady but *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*, he thought, knew his Lodging, he began to flatter himself with some Hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his *Sophia*. These Hopes had surely very little Foundation; but as the Conduct of *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*, in not seeing him according to her Promise, and in quitting her Lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint Hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical Character) might possibly intend to do him that Service,

vice, in a strange Manner, which she declined doing by more ordinary Methods. To say the Truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an Incident, he had the greater Latitude to draw what imaginary Conclusions from it he pleased. As his Temper therefore was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this Occasion, and his Imagination worked up a thousand Conceits, to favour and support his Expectations of meeting his dear *Sophia* in the Evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good Wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine Disposition of Mind: Since, after having read much, and considered long on that Subject of Happiness which hath employed so many great Pens, I am almost inclined to fix it in the Possession of this Temper; which puts us, in a Manner, out of the Reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her Assistance. Indeed the Sensations of Pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind Lady bestows; Nature having wisely contrived, that some Satiety and Languor should be annexed to all our real Enjoyments, lest we should be
so

so taken up by them, as to be stopt from further Pursuits. I make no Manner of doubt but that, in this Light, we may see the imaginary future Chancellor just called to the Bar, the Archbishop in Crape, and the Prime-Minister at the Tail of an Opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the Power and Profit of these respective Offices.

Mr. *Jones* having now determined to go to the Masquerade that Evening, Mr. *Nightingale* offered to conduct him thither. The young Gentleman, at the same Time, offered Tickets to Miss *Nancy* and her Mother; but the good Woman would not accept them. She said, ‘ She did not conceive the Harm which some People imagined in a Masquerade; but that such extravagant Diversions were only proper for Persons of Quality and Fortune, and not for young Women who were to get their Living, and could, at best, hope to be married to a good Tradesman.’—‘ A Tradesman!’ cries *Nightingale*, you shan’t undervalue my *Nancy*. There is not a Nobleman upon Earth above her Merit.’ ‘ O fie! Mr. *Nightingale*,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ you must not fill the Girl’s Head with such Fancies: But if it was her good
‘ Luck

‘ Luck (says the Mother with a Simper)
 ‘ to find a Gentleman of your gene-
 ‘ rous Way of thinking, I hope she would
 ‘ make a better Return to his Generosity,
 ‘ than to give her Mind up to extravagant
 ‘ Pleasures. Indeed where young Ladies
 ‘ bring great Fortunes themselves, they
 ‘ have some Right to insist on spending
 ‘ what is their own; and on that Account,
 ‘ I have heard the Gentlemen say, a Man has
 ‘ sometimes a better Bargain with a poor
 ‘ Wife, than with a rich one.—But let
 ‘ my Daughters marry whom they will,
 ‘ I shall endeavour to make them Blessings
 ‘ to their Husbands:—I beg, therefore, I
 ‘ may hear of no more Masquerades. *Nancy*
 ‘ is, I am certain, too good a Girl to de-
 ‘ sire to go; for she must remember when
 ‘ you carried her thither last Year, it almost
 ‘ turned her Head; and she did not re-
 ‘ turn to herself, or to her Needle, in a
 ‘ Month afterwards.’

Though a gentle Sigh which stole from
 the Bosom of *Nancy*, seemed to argue some
 secret Disapprobation of these Sentiments,
 she did not dare openly to oppose them.
 For as this good Woman had all the Ten-
 derness, so she had preserved all the Autho-
 rity of a Parent; and as her Indulgence to
 the

the Desires of her Children, was only restrained, by her Fears for their Safety and future Welfare, so she never suffered those Commands, which proceeded from such Fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young Gentleman who had lodged two Years in the House, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the Refusal.

Mr. *Nightingale*, who grew every Minute fonder of *Jones*, was very desirous of his Company that Day to Dinner at the Tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his Acquaintance; but *Jones* begged to be excused, ‘as his Cloaths,’ he said, ‘were not yet come to Town.’

To confess the Truth, Mr. *Jones* was now in a Situation, which sometimes happens to be the Case of young Gentlemen of much better Figure than himself. In short, he had not one Penny in his Pocket; a Situation in much greater Credit among the ancient Philosophers, than among the modern wise Men who live in *Lombard Street*, or those who frequent *White’s Chocolate-House*. And, perhaps, the great Honours which those Philosophers have ascribed to an empty Pocket, may be one of the

Reasons of that high Contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid Street and Chocolate-House.

Now if the antient Opinion, that Men might live very comfortably on Virtue only, be, as the modern wise Men just above-mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious Error; no less false is, I apprehend, that Position of some Writers of Romance, that a Man can live altogether on Love: For however delicious Repasts this may afford to some of our Senses or Appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a Confidence in such Writers, have experienced their Error when it was too late; and have found that Love was no more capable of allaying Hunger, than a Rose is capable of delighting the Ear, or a Violin of gratifying the Smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the Delicacies which Love had set before him, namely, the Hopes of seeing *Sophia* at the Masquerade; on which, however ill-founded his Imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole Day, the Evening no sooner came, than Mr. *Jones* began to languish for some Food of a grosser Kind.

Kind. *Partridge* discovered this by Intuition, and took the Occasion to give some oblique Hints concerning the Bank-bill, and when those were rejected with Disdain, he collected Courage enough once more to mention a Return to Mr. *Allworthy*.

‘ *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ you cannot see my Fortune in a more desperate Light than I see it myself; and I begin heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a Place, where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning Home; and for the Expence and Trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my Account, all the Cloaths I left behind in your Care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other Acknowledgment.’

He spoke these Words with so pathetic an Accent, that *Partridge*, among whose Vices Ill-Nature or Hardness of Heart were not numbered, burst into Tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his Distress, he began with the most earnest Intreaties to urge his return Home. ‘ For Heavens Sake, Sir,’ says he, do but consider: What can your Honour do? How

‘ is it possible you can live in this Town
‘ without Money? Do what you will, Sir,
‘ or go wherever you please, I am resolved
‘ not to desert you.—But pray, Sir, con-
‘ sider,—Do pray, Sir, for your own
‘ Sake, take it into your Consideration;
‘ and I’m sure,’ says he, ‘ that your own
‘ Good-Sense will bid you return Home.’

‘ How often shall I tell thee,’ answered
Jones, ‘ that I have no Home to return to.
‘ Had I any Hopes that Mr. *Allworthy*’s
‘ Doors would be open to receive me, I
‘ want no Distress to urge me:—Nay,
‘ there is no other Cause upon Earth, which
‘ could detain me a Moment from flying to
‘ his Presence, but, alas! that I am for
‘ ever banished from it. His last Words
‘ were,—O *Partridge*, they still ring in
‘ my Ears—His last Words were, when he
‘ gave me a Sum of Money, what it was
‘ I know not, but considerable I’m sure it
‘ was.—His last Words were—“ I am
‘ “ resolved from this Day forward, on no
‘ “ Account, to converse with you any
‘ “ more.”

Here Passion stopt the Mouth of *Jones*;
as Surprise, for a Moment, did that of
Partridge: But he soon recovered the Use
of

of Speech, and after a short Preface, in which he declared he had no Inquisitiveness in his Temper, enquired, what *Jones* meant by a considerable Sum ; he knew not how much ; and what was become of the Money ?

In both these Points he now received full Satisfaction ; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a Message from Mr. *Nightingale*, who desired his Master's Company in his Apartment.

When the two Gentlemen were both attired for the Masquerade, and Mr. *Nightingale* had given Orders for Chairs to be sent for, a Circumstance of Distress occurred to *Jones*, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my Readers. This was how to procure a Shilling ; but if such Readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the Want of a thousand Pound, or, perhaps, of ten or twenty, to execute a favourite Scheme, they will have a perfect Idea of what Mr. *Jones* felt on this Occasion. For this Sum, therefore, he applied to *Partridge*, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor Fellow should advance in his Service. To say the Truth,

Partridge had lately made no Offer of this Kind ; whether it was that he desired to see the Bank-bill broke in upon, or that Distress should prevail on *Jones* to return Home, or from what other Motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

C H A P. VII.

Containing the whole Humours of a Masquerade.

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that Temple, where *Heydegger*, the great *Arbiter Deliciarum*, the great High-Priest of Pleasure presides ; and, like other Heathen Priests, imposes on his Votaries by the pretended Presence of the Deity, when in reality no such Deity is there.

Mr. *Nightingale* having taken a Turn or two with his Companion, soon left him, and walked off with a Female, saying, ' Now you are here, Sir, you must beat about for your own Game.'

Jones began to entertain strong Hopes that his *Sophia* was present ; and these Hopes gave him more Spirits than the
Lights,

Lights, the Music, and the Company ; though these are pretty strong Antidotes against the Spleen. He now accosted every Woman he saw, whose Stature, Shape, or Air, bore any Resemblance to his Angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an Answer, by which he might discover that Voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by a Question, in a squeaking Voice, *Do you know me ?* Much the greater Numbers said, *I don't know you, Sir ;* and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent Fellow ; some made him no Answer at all ; some said, *Indeed I don't know your Voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you ;* and many gave him as kind Answers as he could wish, but not in the Voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the Habit of a Shepherdess) a Lady in a Domino came up to him, and slapping him on the Shoulder, whispered him, at the same Time, in the Ear, ‘ If you talk any longer with that Trollop, I will acquaint Miss *Western*.’

Jones no sooner heard that Name, than, immediately quitting his former Companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to shew him the Lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the Room.

The Mask walked hastily to the upper End of the innermost Apartment before she spoke, and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. *Jones* sat down by her, and still persisted in his Entreaties; at last the Lady coldly answered, ‘ I imagined Mr. *Jones* had been a more discerning Lover, than to suffer any Disguise to conceal his Mistress from him.’ ‘ Is she here then, Madam ?’ replied *Jones*, with much Vehemence. Upon which the Lady cry’d, — ‘ Hush, Sir, you will be observed. — I promise you, upon my Honour, Miss *Western* is not here.’

Jones now taking the Mask by the Hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest Manner, to acquaint him where he might find *Sophia*: And when he could obtain no direct Answer, he began to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the Day before;

before; and concluded, saying, ‘ Indeed,
 ‘ my good Fairy Queen, I know your Ma-
 ‘ jesty very well, notwithstanding the af-
 ‘ fected Disguise of your Voice. Indeed,
 ‘ Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, it is a little cruel to di-
 ‘ vert yourself at the Expence of my Tor-
 ‘ ments.’

The Mask answered, ‘ Though you have
 ‘ so ingeniously discovered me, I must still
 ‘ speak in the same Voice, lest I should
 ‘ be known by others. And do you think,
 ‘ good Sir, that I have no greater Regard
 ‘ for my Cousin, than to assist in carrying
 ‘ on an Affair between you two, which
 ‘ must end in her Ruin, as well as your own?
 ‘ Besides, I promise you, my Cousin is not
 ‘ mad enough to consent to her own De-
 ‘ struction, if you are so much her Enemy
 ‘ as to tempt her to it.

‘ Alas, Madam, said *Jones*, you little
 ‘ know my Heart, when you call me an
 ‘ Enemy of *Sophia*.

‘ And yet to ruin any one, cries the o-
 ‘ ther, you will allow, is the Act of an
 ‘ Enemy; and when by the same Act you
 ‘ must knowingly and certainly bring Ruin
 ‘ on yourself, is it not Folly or Madness,

‘ as well as Guilt? Now, Sir, my Cousin
‘ hath very little more than her Father
‘ will please to give her; very little for one
‘ of her Fashion,—you know him, and
‘ you know your own Situation.’

Jones vowed he had no such Design on
Sophia, ‘ That he would rather suffer the
‘ most violent of Deaths than sacrifice her
‘ Interest to his Desires. He said, he knew
‘ how unworthy he was of her every Way;
‘ that he had long ago resolved to quit all
‘ such aspiring Thoughts, but that some
‘ strange Accidents had made him desirous
‘ to see her once more, when he promised
‘ he would take Leave of her for ever. No,
‘ Madam, concluded he, my Love is not
‘ of that base Kind which seeks its own
‘ Satisfaction, at the Expence of what is
‘ most dear to its Object. I would sacri-
‘ fice every Thing to the Possession of my
‘ *Sophia*, but *Sophia* herself.’

Though the Reader may have already
conceived no very sublime Idea of the
Virtue of the Lady in the Mask; and tho’
possibly she may hereafter appear not to
deserve one of the first Characters of her
Sex; yet, it is certain, these generous Sen-
timents made a strong Impression upon her,
and

and greatly added to the Affection she had before conceived for our young Heroe.

The Lady now, after a Silence of a few Moments, said, ‘ She did not see his
 ‘ Pretensions to *Sophia* so much in the
 ‘ Light of Presumption, as of Impru-
 ‘ dence. Young Fellows, says she, can ne-
 ‘ ver have too aspiring Thoughts. I love
 ‘ Ambition in a young Man, and I would
 ‘ have you cultivate it as much as possible.
 ‘ Perhaps you may succeed with those
 ‘ who are infinitely superior in Fortune,
 ‘ nay, I am convinced there are Women,
 ‘ —but don’t you think me a strange
 ‘ Creature, Mr. *Jones*, to be thus giving
 ‘ Advice to a Man, with whom I am so
 ‘ little acquainted, and one with whose
 ‘ Behaviour to me I have so little Reason
 ‘ to be pleased?’

Here *Jones* began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had said of her Cousin. — To which
 ‘ the Mask answered, ‘ And are you so
 ‘ little versed in the Sex, to imagine you
 ‘ can well affront a Lady more, than by
 ‘ entertaining her with your Passion for a-
 ‘ nother Woman? If the Fairy Queen had
 D 6 ‘ had

‘ had no better Opinion of your Gallantry,
‘ she would scarce have appointed you to
‘ meet her at a Masquerade.’

Jones had never less Inclination to an Amour than at present ; but Gallantry to the Ladies was among his Principles of Honour ; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a Challenge to Love, as if it had been a Challenge to Fight. Nay, his very Love to *Sophia* made it necessary for him to keep well with the Lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the Presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm Answer to her last Speech, when a Mask, in the Character of an old Woman, joined them. This Mask was one of those Ladies who go to a Masquerade only to vent Ill-nature, by telling People rude Truths, and by endeavouring, as the Phrase is, to spoil as much Sport as they are able. This good Lady therefore, having observed *Jones*, and his Friend, whom she well knew, in close Consultation together in a Corner of the Room, concluded she could no where satisfy her Spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and soon drove them from their
Re-

Retirement; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every Place which they shifted to avoid her; till Mr. *Nightingale* seeing the Distress of his Friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old Woman in another Pursuit.

While *Jones* and his Mask were walking together about the Room, to rid themselves of the Teazer, he observed his Lady speak to several Masks, with the same Freedom of Acquaintance as if they had been bare-faced. He could not help expressing his Surprise at this, saying, ‘ Sure, Madam, ‘ you must have infinite Discernment to ‘ know People in all Disguises.’ To which the Lady answered, ‘ You cannot conceive ‘ any Thing more insipid and childish than ‘ a Masquerade to the People of Fashion, ‘ who in general know one another as well ‘ here, as when they meet in an Assembly ‘ or a Drawing-room; nor will any Wo- ‘ man of Condition converse with a Person ‘ with whom she is not acquainted. In ‘ short, the Generality of Persons whom ‘ you see here, may more properly be ‘ said to kill Time in this Place, than in ‘ any other; and generally retire from ‘ hence more tired than from the longest ‘ Sermon. To say the Truth, I begin to ‘ be

‘ be in that Situation myself, and if I have
‘ any Faculty at guessing, you are not
‘ much better pleased. I protest it would
‘ be almost Charity in me to go Home for
‘ your Sake.’ ‘ I know but one Charity e-
‘ qual to it, cries *Jones*, and that is to suf-
‘ fer me to wait on you Home. Sure, an-
‘ swered the Lady, you have a strange O-
‘ pinion of me, to imagine, that upon such
‘ an Acquaintance, I would let you into my
‘ Doors at this Time o’Night. I fancy
‘ you impute the Friendship I have shewn
‘ my Cousin, to some other Motive. Con-
‘ fess honestly; don’t you consider this
‘ contrived Interview as little better than a
‘ downright Assignment? Are you used,
‘ Mr. *Jones*, to make these sudden Con-
‘ quests? I am not used, Madam, said *Jones*,
‘ to submit to such sudden Conquests;
‘ but as you have taken my Heart by
‘ Surprize, the rest of my Body hath
‘ a Right to follow; so you must par-
‘ don me if I resolve to attend you
‘ wherever you go.’ He accompanied
these Words with some proper Actions;
upon which the Lady, after a gentle Re-
buke, and saying their Familiarity would
be observed, told him ‘ She was going to
‘ sup with an Acquaintance, whither she
‘ hoped

‘ hoped he would not follow her ; for if
 ‘ you should, said she, I shall be thought
 ‘ an unaccountable Creature, though my
 ‘ Friend indeed is not censorious, yet I
 ‘ hope you won’t follow me: I protest I
 ‘ shall not know what to say, if you do.

The Lady presently after quitted the Masquerade, and *Jones*, notwithstanding the severe Prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same Dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the Want of a Shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the Chair in which his Lady rode, pursued by a grand Huzza from all the Chairmen present, who wisely take the best Care they can to discountenance all walking afoot by their Betters. Luckily however the Gentry who attend at the Opera-House were too busy to quit their Stations, and as the Lateness of the Hour prevented him from meeting many of their Brethren in the Street, he proceeded without Molestation, in a Dress, which, at another Season, would have certainly raised a Mob at his Heels:

The

The Lady was set down in a Street, not far from *Hanover-Square*, where the Door being presently opened, she was carried in, and the Gentleman, without any Ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his Companion were now together in a very well-furnished and well-warm'd Room, when the Female still speaking in her Masquerade Voice, said, she was surprized at her Friend, who must absolutely have forgot her Appointment; at which after venting much Resentment, she suddenly exprest some Apprehension from *Jones*, and asked him what the World would think of their having been alone together in a House at that Time of Night? But instead of a direct Answer to so important a Question, *Jones* began to be very importunate with the Lady to unmask, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*, but the Lady *Bellaston* herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular Conversation which consisted of very common and ordinary Occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o' Clock in the Morning. It is sufficient to mention all of

of it that is any wise material to this History. And this was a Promise that the Lady would endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and in a few Days bring him to an Interview with her, on Condition that he would then take his Leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled, and a second Meeting in the Evening appointed at the same Place, they separated; the Lady returned to her House, and *Jones* to his Lodgings.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing a Scene of Distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our Readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few Hours Sleep, summoned *Partridge* to his Presence; and delivering him a Bank Note of fifty Pounds, ordered him to go and change it. *Partridge* received this with sparkling Eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some Suspicions not very advantagious to the Honour of his Master; to these the dreadful Idea he had of the Masquerade, the Disguise in which his Master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all Night, contributed. In plain Language,
the

the only Way he could possibly find to account for the Possession of this Note, was by Robbery; and, to confess the Truth, the Reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the Generosity of Lady *Bellaſton*, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the Honour of Mr. *Jones*, and to do Justice to the Liberality of the Lady, he had really received this Present from her, who, though she did not give much in to the Hackney Charities of the Age, such as building Hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that Christian Virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young Fellow of Merit, without a Shilling in the World, was no improper Object of this Virtue.

Mr. *Jones* and Mr. *Nightingale* had been invited to dine this Day with Mrs. *Cannister*. At the appointed Hour therefore the two young Gentlemen, with the two Girls, attended in the Parlour, where they waited from three till almost five before the good Woman appeared. She had been out of Town to visit a Relation, of whom, at her Return, she gave the following Account.

‘ I hope, Gentlemen, you will pardon
‘ my making you wait ; I am sure if you
‘ knew the Occasion. — I have been to
‘ see a Cousin of mine, about six Miles off,
‘ who now lies in.—It should be a Warning
‘ to all Persons (says she, looking at her
‘ Daughters) how they marry indiscreetly.
‘ There is no Happiness in this World,
‘ without a Competency. O *Nancy* ! how
‘ shall I describe the wretched Condition in
‘ which I found your poor Cousin ; she
‘ hath scarce lain in a Week, and there
‘ was she, this dreadful Weather, in a cold
‘ Room, without any Curtains to her Bed,
‘ and not a Bushel of Coals in her House
‘ to supply her with Fire : Her second Son,
‘ that sweet little Fellow, lies ill of a *Quin-*
‘ *zy* in the same Bed with his Mother,
‘ for there is no other Bed in the House.
‘ Poor little *Tommy* ! I believe, *Nancy*, you
‘ will never see your Favourite any more,
‘ for he is really very ill. The rest of the
‘ Children are in pretty good Health ; but
‘ *Molly*, I am afraid, will do herself an
‘ Injury ; she is but thirteen Years old,
‘ Mr. *Nightingale*, and yet, in my Life, I
‘ never saw a better Nurse : She tends both
‘ her Mother and her Brother ; and what
‘ is wonderful in a Creature so young, she
‘ shows

‘ shows all the Chearfulness in the World to
‘ her Mother; and yet I saw her.—I saw
‘ the poor Child, Mr. *Nightingale*, turn a-
‘ bout, and privately wipe the Tears from
‘ her Eyes.’ Here Mrs. *Miller*, was pre-
vented, by her own Tears, from going on,
and there was not, I believe, a Person pre-
sent, who did not accompany her in them;
at length she a little recovered herself, and
proceeded thus, ‘ In all this Distress the
‘ Mother supports her Spirits in a surprizing
‘ Manner. The Danger of her Son sits
‘ heaviest upon her, and yet she endeavours
‘ as much as possible to conceal even this
‘ Concern, on her Husband’s Account.
‘ Her Grief, however, sometimes gets the
‘ better of all her Endeavours; for she was
‘ always extravagantly fond of this Boy,
‘ and a most sensible, sweet-tempered Crea-
‘ ture it is. I protest I was never more af-
‘ fected in my Life, than when I heard
‘ the little Wretch, who is hardly yet seven
‘ Years old, while his Mother was wetting
‘ him with her Tears, beg her to be com-
‘ forted. — Indeed, Mamma, cry’d the
‘ Child, I shan’t die, God Almighty, I’m
‘ sure, wont take *Tommy* away; let Heaven
‘ be ever so fine a Place, I had rather stay
‘ here and starve with you and my Papa,
‘ than go to it.——Pardon me, Gentle-
‘ men,

‘ men, I can’t help it, (says she, wiping her
‘ Eyes) such Sensibility and Affection in a
‘ Child——And yet, perhaps, he is least
‘ the Object of Pity, for a Day or two
‘ will, most probably, place him beyond
‘ the Reach of all human Evils. The
‘ Father is indeed most worthy of Com-
‘ passion. Poor Man, his Countenance is
‘ the very Picture of Horror, and he looks
‘ rather like one dead than alive. Oh Hea-
‘ vens! what a Scene did I behold at my
‘ first coming into the Room! The good
‘ Creature was lying behind the Bolster,
‘ supporting at once both his Child and his
‘ Wife. He had nothing on but a thin
‘ Waistcoat, for his Coat was spread over
‘ the Bed, to supply the Want of Blankets
‘ ——When he rose up, at my Entrance,
‘ I scarce knew him. As comely a Man,
‘ Mr. *Jones*, within this Fortnight, as you
‘ ever beheld; Mr. *Nightingale* hath seen
‘ him. His Eyes sunk, his Face pale,
‘ with a long Beard. His Body shivering
‘ with Cold, and worn with Hunger too;
‘ for my Cousin says, she can hardly pre-
‘ vail upon him to eat. —— He told me
‘ himself in a Whisper —— he told me—
‘ I can’t repeat it —— he said he could
‘ not bear to eat the Bread his Children
‘ wanted. And yet, can you believe it,
‘ Gen-

‘Gentlemen? In all this Misery, his Wife
‘has as good Cawdle as if she lay in, in the
‘midst of the greatest Affluence; I tasted
‘it, and I scarce ever tasted better—The
‘Means of procuring her this,’ he said,
‘he believed was sent him by an An-
‘gel from Heaven; I know not what
‘he meant, for I had not Spirits enough
‘to ask a single Question.’

This was a Love-Match, as they call it
on both Sides; that is, a Match between
two Beggars. I must indeed say I never
saw a fonder Couple; but what is their
Fondness good for, but to torment each o-
ther? ‘Indeed, Mamma, cries *Nancy*, I
‘have always looked on my Cousin *Ander-*
‘*son* (for that was her Name) as one of the
‘happiest of Women. I am sure’ says
Mrs. Miller, ‘the Case at present is much
‘otherwise; for any one might have
‘discerned that the tender Consideration
‘of each other’s Sufferings, makes the
‘most intolerable Part of their Calamity,
‘both to the Husband and the Wife.
‘Compared to which, Hunger and Cold,
‘as they affect their own Persons only, are
‘scarce Evils. Nay, the very Children,
‘the youngest, which is not two Years
‘old, excepted, feel in the same Manner;
‘for they are a most loving Family; and
‘if

out, — ‘ Good Heavens! Is there such a
 ‘ Man in the World?’ — But recollecting
 herself, she said, ‘ Indeed I know one
 such; but can there be another?’ ‘ I hope,
 ‘ Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ there are many
 ‘ who have common Humanity: For to re-
 ‘ lieve such Distresses in our Fellow-Crea-
 ‘ tures, can hardly be called more.’ Mrs.
Miller then took ten Guineas, which were
 the utmost he could prevail with her to ac-
 cept, and said, ‘ she would find some
 ‘ Means of conveying them early the next
 ‘ Morning;’ adding, ‘ that she had her-
 ‘ self done some little Matter for the poor
 ‘ People, and had not left them in quite so
 ‘ much Misery as she found them.’

They then returned to the Parlour,
 where *Nightingale* express’d much Concern
 at the dreadful Situation of these Wretches,
 whom, indeed, he knew; for he had seen
 them more than once at Mrs. *Miller*’s.
 He inveighed against the Folly of making
 oneself liable for the Debts of others;
 vented many bitter Execrations against the
 Brother; and concluded with wishing some-
 thing could be done for the unfortunate
 Family. ‘ Suppose, Madam,’ said he, ‘ you
 ‘ should recommend them to Mr. *Allwor-*
 ‘ *thy*? Or what think you of a Collection?

I will

I will give them a Guinea with all my Heart.

Mrs. *Miller* made no Answer; and *Nancy*, to whom her Mother had whispered the Generosity of *Jones*, turned pale upon the Occasion; though if either of them was angry with *Nightingale*, it was surely without Reason. For the Liberality of *Jones*, if he had known it, was not an Example which he had any Obligation to follow; and there are Thousands who would not have contributed a single Halfpenny, as indeed he did not in Effect, for he made no Tender of any thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no Demand, he kept his Money in his Pocket.

I have in Truth observed, and shall never have a better Opportunity than at present to communicate my Observation, that the World are in general divided into two Opinions concerning Charity, which are the very reverse of each other. One Party seems to hold, that all Acts of this Kind are to be esteemed as voluntary Gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good Wishes) you acquire a great Degree of Merit in so doing. — Others, on the contrary, appear to

be as firmly persuaded, that Beneficence is a positive Duty, and that whenever the Rich fall greatly short of their Ability in relieving the Distresses of the Poor, their pitiful Largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their Duty by Halves, and are in ſome Senſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different Opinions is not in my Power. I ſhall only add, that the Givers are generally of the former Sentiment, and the Receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

C H A P. IX.

Which treats of Matters of a very different Kind from thoſe in the preceding Chapter.

IN the Evening *Jones* met his Lady again, and a long Converſation again enſued between them ; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary Occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning Particulars, which we deſpair of rendring agreeable to the Reader ; unleſs he is one whoſe Devotion to the Fair Sex, like that of the Papiſts to their Saints, wants to be raiſed by the

the Help of Pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such Pictures to the Public, that I would wish to draw a Curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain *French* Novels; very bungling Copies of which have been presented us here, under the Name of Translations.

Jones grew still more and more impatient to see *Sophia*; and finding, after repeated Interviews with Lady *Bellaſton*, no Likelihood of obtaining this by her Means; for, on the contrary, the Lady began to treat even the Mention of the Name of *Sophia* with Resentment; he resolved to try some other Method. He made no Doubt but that Lady *Bellaſton* knew where his Angel was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her Servants should be acquainted with the same Secret. *Partridge* therefore was employed to get acquainted with those Servants, in order to fish this Secret out of them.

Few Situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor Master was at present reduced; for besides the Difficulties he met with in discovering *Sophia*, besides the Fears he had of having disobliged her, and the Assurances he had re-

ceived from Lady *Bellaſton* of the Reſolution which *Sophia* had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient Reaſon to believe might be true; he had ſtill a Difficulty to combat, which it was not in the Power of his Miſtreſs to remove, however kind her Inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her Father's Eſtate, the almoſt inevitable Conſequence of their coming together without a Conſent, which he had no Hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many Obligations which Lady *Bellaſton*, whoſe violent Fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her Means he was now become one of the beſt dreſs'd Men about Town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous Diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a State of Affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many Gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their Conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole Fortune of a Woman, without making her any Kind of Return; yet to a Mind the
Pro-

Proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hang'd, nothing is, I believe, more irksome than to support Love with Gratitude only ; especially where Inclination pulls the Heart a contrary Way. Such was the unhappy Case of *Jones* ; for tho' the virtuous Love which he bore to *Sophia*, and which left very little Affection for any other Woman had been entirely out of the Question, he could never have been able to have made an adequate Return to the generous Passion of this Lady, who had indeed been once an Object of Desire ; but was now entered at least into the Autumn of Life ; though she wore all the Gayety of Youth both in her Dress and Manner ; nay, she contrived still to maintain the Roses in her Cheeks ; but these, like Flowers forced out of Season by Art, had none of that lively blooming Freshness with which Nature, at the proper Time, bedecks her own Productions. She had, besides, a certain Imperfection, which renders some Flowers, tho' very beautiful to the Eye, very improper to be placed in a Wilderness of Sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the Breath of Love.

Though *Jones* saw all these Discouragements on the one Side, he felt his Obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent Passion whence those Obligations proceeded, the extreme Violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the Lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit Consideration upon which all her Favours were conferred; and as his Necessity obliged him to accept them, so his Honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the Price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever Misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great Principle of Justice, by which the Laws of some Countries oblige a Debtor who is no otherwise capable of discharging his Debt, to become the Slave of his Creditor.

While he was meditating on these Matters, he received the following Note from the Lady.

‘ A very foolish, but a very perverse Accident hath happened since our last Meeting, which makes it improper I should
‘ see

‘ see you any more at the usual Place. I
 ‘ will, if possible, contrive some other
 ‘ Place by To-morrow. In the mean Time,
 ‘ Adieu.’

This Disappointment, perhaps, the Reader may conclude was not very great ; but if it was, he was quickly relieved ; for in less than an Hour afterwards another Note was brought him from the same Hand, which contained as follows.

‘ I have altered my Mind since I wrote,
 ‘ a Change, which if you are no Stranger
 ‘ to the tenderest of all Passions, you will
 ‘ not wonder at. I am now resolved to
 ‘ see you this Evening, at my own House,
 ‘ whatever may be the Consequence. Come
 ‘ to me exactly at seven ; I dine abroad,
 ‘ but will be at Home by that Time. A
 ‘ Day, I find, to those that sincerely love
 ‘ seems longer than I imagined.

‘ If you should accidentally be a few
 ‘ Moments before me, bid them shew you
 ‘ into the Drawing-Room.’

To confess the Truth, *Jones* was less pleased with this last Epistle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented

by it from complying with the earnest Entreaties of Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted much Intimacy and Friendship. These Entreaties were to go with that young Gentleman and his Company to a new Play, which was to be acted that Evening, and which a very large Party had agreed to damn, from some Dislike they had taken to the Author, who was a Friend to one of Mr. *Nightingale's* Acquaintance. And this Sort of Funn, our Heroe, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind Appointment; but his Honour got the better of his Inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended Interview with the Lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding Notes, as the Reader may possibly be not a little surprized at the Imprudence of Lady *Bellaston* in bringing her Lover to the very House where her Rival was lodged.

First then the Mistress of the House where these Lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some Years a Pensioner to that Lady, was now become a Methodist, and had that very Morning waited upon her Ladyship, and after rebuking
her.

her very severely for her past Life, had positively declared, that she would, on no Account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her Affairs for the future.

The Hurry of Spirits into which this Accident threw the Lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other Convenience to meet *Jones* that Evening; but as she began a little to recover from her Uneasiness at the Disappointment, she set her Thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her Head to propose to *Sophia* to go to the Play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper Lady provided for her Companion. Mrs. *Honour* was likewise dispatched with Mrs. *Etoff* on the same Errand of Pleasure; and thus her own House was left free for the safe Reception of Mr. *Jones*, with whom she promised herself two or three Hours of uninterrupted Conversation, after her Return from the Place where she dined, which was at a Friend's House in a pretty distant Part of the Town, near her old Place of Assignment, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprized of the Revolution that had happened in the Mind and Morals of her late Confidante.

C H A P. X.

*A Chapter which, though short, may draw
Tears from some Eyes.*

MR. Jones was just dress'd to wait on Lady Bellaston, when Mrs. Miller rapp'd at his Door; and being admitted, very earnestly desired his Company below Stairs to drink Tea in the Parlour.

Upon his Entrance into the Room, she presently introduced a Person to him, saying, ' This, Sir, is my Cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your Goodness, for which he begs to return you his sincerest Thanks.'

The Man had scarce entered upon that Speech, which Mrs. Miller had so kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he looking stedfastly at each other, showed at once the utmost Tokens of Surprize. The Voice of the latter began instantly to falter; and, instead of finishing his Speech, he sunk down into a Chair, crying, ' It is so, I am convinced it is so!'

Bless

‘ Bless me, what’s the Meaning of this,
 ‘ cries Mrs. *Miller*, you are not ill, I
 ‘ hope, Cousin? Some Water, a Dram this
 ‘ Instant.

‘ Be not frightened, Madam, cries *Jones*,
 ‘ I have almost as much Need of a Dram
 ‘ as your Cousin. We are equally surpris-
 ‘ ed at this unexpected Meeting. Your
 ‘ Cousin is an Acquaintance of mine, Mrs.
 ‘ *Miller*.

‘ An Acquaintance! cries the Man,——
 ‘ Oh Heaven!

‘ Ay, an Acquaintance, repeated *Jones*,
 ‘ and an honoured Acquaintance too.
 ‘ When I do not love and honour the
 ‘ Man who dares venture every thing to
 ‘ preserve his Wife and Children from in-
 ‘ stant Destruction, may I have a Friend
 ‘ capable of disowning me in Adversity.

‘ O you are an excellent young Man,
 ‘ cries Mrs. *Miller*, — yes, indeed, poor
 ‘ Creature! he hath ventured every thing
 ‘ — If he had not had one of the best of
 ‘ Constitutions it must have killed him.

‘ Cousin, cries the Man, who had now pretty well recovered himself; this is the Angel from Heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom before I saw you, I owed the Preservation of my *Peggy*. He it was to whose Generosity every Comfort, every Support which I have procured for her was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human Beings. O, Cousin, I have Obligations to this Gentleman of such a Nature!’

‘ Mention nothing of Obligations,’ cries *Jones* eagerly, ‘ not a Word, I insist upon it, not a Word. (Meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the Affair of the Robbery to any Person) — If by the Trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole Family, sure Pleasure was never bought so cheap.

‘ O, Sir, cries the Man, I wish you could this Instant see my House. If any Person had ever a Right to the Pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. My Cousin tells me, she acquainted you with the Distress in which she found us.
‘ That,

' That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and
 ' chiefly by your Goodness. — My Chil-
 ' dren have now a Bed to lie on, —
 ' and they have ——— they have ———
 ' eternal Blessings reward you for it, —
 ' they have Bread to eat. My little Boy
 ' is recovered; my Wife is out of Dan-
 ' ger, and I am happy. All, all owing
 ' to you, Sir, and to my Cousin here, one
 ' of the best of Women. Indeed, Sir, I
 ' must see you at my House. — Indeed my
 ' Wife must see you, and thank you. — My
 ' Children too must express their Grati-
 ' tude. ——— Indeed, Sir, they are not
 ' without a Sense of their Obligation; but
 ' what is my Feeling when I reflect to
 ' whom I owe, that they are now capable
 ' of expressing their Gratitude. ———
 ' Oh, Sir! the little Hearts which you
 ' have warmed had now been cold as Ice
 ' without your Assistance.' ———

Here *Jones* attempted to prevent the
 poor Man from proceeding; but indeed the
 Overflowing of his own Heart would of
 itself have stopped his Words. And now *Mrs.*
Miller likewise began to pour forth Thank-
 givings, as well in her own Name, as in
 that of her Cousin, and concluded with
 saying,

saying, she doubted not but such Goodness would meet a glorious Reward.

Jones answered, ‘ He had been sufficiently rewarded already. Your Cousin’s Account, Madam, said he, hath given me a Sensation more pleasing than I have ever known. He must be a Wretch who is unmoved at hearing such a Story; how transporting then must be the Thought of having happily acted a Part in this Scene. If there are Men who cannot feel the Delight of giving Happiness to others, I sincerely pity them, as they are incapable of tasting what is, in my Opinion, a greater Honour, a higher Interest, and a sweeter Pleasure, than the ambitious, the avaritious, or the voluptuous Man can ever obtain.’

The Hour of Appointment being now come, *Jones* was forced to take a hasty Leave, but not before he had heartily shaken his Friend by the Hand, and desired to see him again as soon as possible; promising, that he would himself take the first Opportunity of visiting him at his own House. He then stepped into his Chair, and proceeded to Lady *Bellaſton*’s, greatly exulting in the Happiness which he had procured to this

poor

poor Family ; nor could he forbear reflecting without Horror on the dreadful Consequences which must have attended them, had he listened rather to the Voice of strict Justice, than to that of Mercy when he was attacked on the high Road.

Mrs. *Miller* sung forth the Praises of *Jones* during the whole Evening, in which Mr. *Enderson*, while he stayed, so passionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very Point of mentioning the Circumstances of the Robbery. However, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided an Indiscretion which would have been so much the greater, as he knew Mrs. *Miller* to be extremely strict and nice in her Principles. He was likewise well apprized of the Loquacity of this Lady ; and yet such was his Gratitude, that it had almost got the better both of Discretion and Shame, and made him publish that which would have defamed his own Character, rather than omit any Circumstances which might do the fullest Honour to his Benefactor.

C H A P.

C H A P. XI.

In which the Reader will be surprized.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the Time appointed, and earlier than the Lady, whose Arrival was hindered not only by the Distance of the Place where she dined, but by some other cross Accidents, very vexatious to one in her Situation of Mind. He was accordingly shewn into the Drawing-Room; where he had not been many Minutes before the Door opened, and in came — no other than *Sophia* herself, who had left the Play before the End of the first Act; for this, as we have already said, being a new Play, at which two large Parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent Uproar, and an Engagement between the two Parties had so terrified our Heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the Protection of a young Gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her Chair.

As Lady *Bellafton* had acquainted her that she should not be at Home till late, *Sophia* expecting to find no one in the Room, came hastily in, and went directly to a Glass which almost fronted her, with-

out:

out once looking towards the upper End of the Room, where the Statue of *Jones* now stood motionless.—In this Glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely Face, that she first discovered the said Statue; when instantly turning about, she perceived the Reality of the Vision: Upon which she gave a violent Scream, and scarce^d preserved herself from fainting, till *Jones* was able to move to her, and support her in his Arms.

To paint the Looks or Thoughts of either of these Lovers is beyond my Power. As their Sensations, from their mutual Silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own Utterance, it cannot be supposed, that I should be able to express them: And the Misfortune is, that few of my Readers have been enough in Love, to feel by their own Hearts what past at this Time in theirs.

After a short Pause, *Jones*, with faltering Accents, said, —— ‘ I see, Madam, ‘ you are surprized.’ —— ‘ Surprized!’ answered she; ‘ Oh Heavens! Indeed, I am ‘ surprized. I almost doubt whether you ‘ are the Person you seem.’ ‘ Indeed,’ cries he, ‘ my *Sophia*, pardon me, Madam, ‘ for

‘ for this once calling you so, I am that
‘ very wretched *Jones*, whom Fortune, af-
‘ ter so many Disappointments, hath, at
‘ last, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my
‘ *Sophia*, did you know the thousand Tor-
‘ ments I have suffered in this long, fruit-
‘ less Pursuit’—— ‘ Pursuit of whom?’
said *Sophia*, a little recollecting herself, and
assuming a reserved Air.—— ‘ Can you be
‘ so cruel to ask that Question?’ cries
Jones. ‘ Need I say of you?’ ‘ Of me?’
answered *Sophia*: ‘ Hath Mr. *Jones* then
‘ any such important Business with me?’
‘ To some, Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ this
‘ might seem an important Business,’ (giv-
ing her the Pocket-Book). ‘ I hope,
‘ Madam, you will find it of the same
‘ Value, as when it was lost.’ *Sophia*
took the Pocket-Book, and was going
to speak, when he interrupted her, thus ;
—— ‘ Let us not, I beseech you, lose
‘ one of these precious Moments which
‘ Fortune hath so kindly sent us.——O
‘ my *Sophia*, I have Business of a much su-
‘ perior Kind.——Thus, on my Knees, let
‘ me ask your Pardon.’—— ‘ My Pardon?’
cries she; —— ‘ Sure, Sir, after what is
‘ past you cannot expect, after what I have
‘ heard—— ‘ I scarce know what I say,’
answered *Jones*. ‘ By Heavens! I scarce
‘ wish

‘ wish you should pardon me. O my *Sophia*, henceforth never cast away a
 ‘ Thought on such a Wretch as I am. If
 ‘ any Remembrance of me should ever
 ‘ intrude to give a Moment’s Uneasiness to that tender Bosom, think of
 ‘ my Unworthiness; and let the Remembrance of what past at *Upton* blot me for
 ‘ ever from your Mind’——

Sophia stood trembling all this while. Her Face was whiter than Snow, and her Heart was throbbing through her Stays. But at the mention of *Upton*, a Blush arose in her Cheeks, and her Eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon *Jones* with a Glance of Disdain. He understood this silent Reproach, and replied to it thus: ‘ O my *Sophia*, my only Love,
 ‘ you cannot hate or despise me more for
 ‘ what happened there, than I do myself: But
 ‘ yet do me the Justice to think, that my
 ‘ Heart was never unfaithful to you. *That*
 ‘ had no Share in the Folly I was guilty
 ‘ of; it was even then unalterably yours.
 ‘ Though I despaired of possessing you,
 ‘ nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I
 ‘ doated still on your charming Idea, and
 ‘ could *seriously* love no other Woman.
 ‘ But if my Heart had not been engaged,
 ‘ she

‘ she, into whose Company I accidentally
‘ fell at that cursed Place, was not an Ob-
‘ ject of serious Love. Believe me, my
‘ Angel, I never have seen her from that
‘ Day to this ; and never intend, or desire,
‘ to see her again.’ *Sophia*, in her Heart,
was very glad to hear this ; but forcing
into her Face an Air of more Coldness than
she yet had assumed ; ‘ Why,’ said she,
‘ Mr. *Jones*, do you take the Trouble to
‘ make a Defence, where you are not ac-
‘ cused ? If I thought it worth while to
‘ accuse you, I have a Charge of an un-
‘ pardonable Nature indeed.’ ‘ What is
‘ it, for Heaven’s Sake ?’ answered *Jones*,
trembling and pale, expecting to hear of
his Amour with Lady *Bellafton*. ‘ Oh,’
said she, ‘ how is it possible ! Can every
‘ Thing noble, and every Thing base, be
‘ lodged together in the same Bosom ?’
Lady *Bellafton*, and the ignominious Cir-
cumstance of having been kept, rose again
in his Mind, and stopt his Mouth from any
Reply. ‘ Could I have expected,’ pro-
ceeded *Sophia*, ‘ such Treatment from you ?
‘ Nay, from any Gentleman, from any
‘ Man of Honour ? To have my Name
‘ traduced in Public ; in Inns, among the
‘ meanest Vulgar ! To have any little Fa-
‘ vours, that my unguarded Heart may
‘ have

“ have too lightly betray’d me to grant,
 “ boasted of there! Nay, even to hear that
 “ you had been forced to fly from my
 “ Love!” Nothing could equal *Jones’s*
 Surprise at these Words of *Sophia*; but
 yet, not being guilty, he was much less
 embarrassed how to defend himself, than if
 she had touched that tender String, at which
 his Conscience had been alarmed. By some
 Examination he presently found, that her
 supposing him guilty of so shocking an
 Outrage against his Love, and her Repu-
 tation, was entirely owing to *Partridge’s*
 Talk at the Inns, before Landlords and
 Servants; for *Sophia* confessed to him, it
 was from them that she received her Intelli-
 gence. He had no very great Difficulty to
 make her believe that he was entirely inno-
 cent of an Offence so foreign to his Cha-
 racter; but she had a great deal to hinder
 him from going instantly Home, and put-
 ting *Partridge* to Death, which he more than
 once swore he would do. This Point being
 cleared up, they soon found themselves so
 well pleased with each other, that *Jones*
 quite forgot he had begun the Conversa-
 tion with conjuring her to give up all
 Thoughts of him; and she was in a Tem-
 per to have given Ear to a Petition of a
 very different Nature: For before they were
 aware,

aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some Words that sounded like a Proposal of Marriage. To which she replied, ' That, did not her Duty to her ' Father forbid her to follow her own Inclinations, Ruin with him would be more ' welcome to her, than the most affluent ' Fortune with another Man.' At the mention of the Word Ruin he started, let drop her Hand, which he had held for some Time, and striking his Breast with his own, cried out, ' Oh, *Sophia*, can I then ' ruin thee? No; by Heavens, no! I never will act so base a Part. Dearest *Sophia*, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you; I will give you up: I will ' tear all such Hopes from my Heart, as ' are inconsistent with your real Good. My ' Love I will ever retain, but it shall be in ' Silence; it shall be at a Distance from ' you; it shall be in some foreign Land; ' from whence no Voice, no Sigh of my ' Despair, shall ever reach and disturb your ' Ears. And when I am dead' — He would have gone on, but was stopt by a Flood of Tears which *Sophia* let fall in his Bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one Word. He kissed them off, which, for some Moments, she allowed him to do without any Resistance; but

but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his Arms; and, to turn the Discourse from a Subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, be-
thought herself to ask him a Question she had never had Time to put to him before,
'How he came into that Room?' He begun to stammer, and would, in all Probability, have raised her Suspicions by the Answer he was going to give, when, at once, the Door opened, and in came Lady *Bellaſton*.

Having advanced a few Steps, and seeing *Jones* and *Sophia* together, she suddenly ſtopt; when after a Pauſe of a few Moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable Preſence of Mind, ſhe ſaid,—tho' with ſufficient Indications of Surprize both in Voice and Countenance—'I thought, 'Miſs *Western*, you had been at the 'Play?'

Though *Sophia* had had no Opportunity of learning of *Jones*, by what Means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt Suſpicion of the real Truth, or that *Jones* and Lady *Bellaſton* were acquainted; ſo ſhe was very little confounded: And the leſs, as the Lady had, in all their Con-
verſations

versations on the Subject, entirely taken her Side against her Father. With very little Hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole Story of what had happened at the Playhouse, and the Cause of her hasty Return.

The Length of this Narrative gave Lady *Bellaſton* an Opportunity of rallying her Spirits, and of considering in what Manner to act. And as the Behaviour of *Sophia* gave her Hopes that *Jones* had not betray'd her, she put on an Air of Good-Humour, and said, ' I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss *Western*, if I had known you had Company.'

Lady *Bellaſton* fixed her Eyes on *Sophia* whilst she spoke these Words. To which that poor young Lady, having her Face overspread with Blushes and Confusion, answered, in a stammering Voice, ' I am sure, Madam, I shall always think the Honour of your Ladyship's Company.---' ' I hope, at least,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*, ' I interrupt no Business.'-----' No, Madam,' answered *Sophia*, ' our Business was at an End. Your Ladyship may be pleased to remember, I have often men-

tioned

tioned the Loss of my Pocket-Book, which this Gentleman having very luckily found, was so kind to return to me with the Bill in it.

Jones, ever since the Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had been ready to ſink with Fear. He ſat kicking his Heels, playing with his Fingers, and looking more like a Fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby Squire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite Aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf ; and taking a Hint from the Behaviour of Lady *Bellaſton*, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any Acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the Stranger on his Part. He ſaid, ‘ Ever ſince he had had the Pocket-Book in his Poſſeſſion, he had uſed great Diligence in enquiring out the Lady whoſe Name was writ in it ; but never till that Day could be ſo fortunate to diſcover her.

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the Loſs of her Pocket-Book to Lady *Bellaſton* ; but as *Jones*, for ſome Reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his Poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one Syllable of

what *Sophia* now said, and wonderfully admired the extreme Quickness of the young Lady, in inventing such an Excuse. The Reason of *Sophia*'s leaving the Play-house met with no better Credit; and though she could not account for the Meeting between these two Lovers, she was firmly perswaded it was not accidental.

With an affected Smile, therefore, she said — ‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*, you have had
 ‘ very good Luck in recovering your Money.
 ‘ Not only as it fell into the Hands of a
 ‘ Gentleman of Honour, but as he happened to discover to whom it belonged.
 ‘ I think you would not consent to have it
 ‘ advertised.——It was great good Fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom
 ‘ the Note belonged.’

‘ O Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ it was inclosed in a Pocket-Book, in which the
 ‘ young Lady’s Name was written.’

‘ That was very fortunate indeed,’ cries the Lady; —— ‘ And it was no less so,
 ‘ that you heard Miss *Western* was at my
 ‘ House; for she is very little known.’

Jones

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his Spirits; and as he conceived he had now an Opportunity of satisfying *Sophia*, as to the Question she had asked him just before Lady *Bellafton* came in, he proceeded thus: ‘Why, Madam,’ answered he, ‘it was by the luckiest Chance imaginable I made this Discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the Name of the Owner, the other Night, to a Lady at the Masquerade, who told me, she believed she knew where I might see Miss *Western*; and if I would come to her House the next Morning, she would inform me. I went according to her Appointment, but she was not at Home; nor could I ever meet with her till this Morning, when she directed me to your Ladyship’s House. I came accordingly, and did myself the Honour to ask for your Ladyship; and upon my saying that I had very particular Business, a Servant shewed me into this Room; where I had not been long before the young Lady returned from the Play.’

Upon his mentioning the Masquerade, he look’d very slyly at Lady *Bellafton*, with-

out any Fear of being remarked by *Sophia*; for she was visibly too much confounded to make any Observations. This Hint a little alarmed the Lady, and she was silent; when *Jones*, who saw the Agitations of *Sophia*'s Mind, resolved to take the only Method of relieving her, which was by retiring: But before he did this, he said, ' I believe, Madam, it is customary to give some Reward on these Occasions;—I must insist on a very high one for my Honesty;—It is, Madam, no less than the Honour of being permitted to pay another Visit here.'

' Sir,' replied the Lady, ' I make no Doubt that you are a Gentleman, and my Doors are never shut to People of Fashion.'

Jones then, after proper Ceremonials, departed, highly to his own Satisfaction, and no less to that of *Sophia*; who was terribly alarmed lest Lady *Bellafton* should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the Stairs *Jones* met his old Acquaintance Mrs. *Honour*, who, notwithstanding

standing all she had said against him, was now so well-bred to behave with great Civility. This Meeting proved indeed a lucky Circumstance, as he communicated to her the House where he lodged, with which *Sophia* was unacquainted.

C H A P. XII.

In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.

THE elegant Lord *Shaftsbury* somewhere objects to telling too much Truth: By which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some Cases, to lie, is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no Persons who may so properly challenge a Right to this commendable Deviation from Truth, as young Women in the Affair of Love; for which they may plead Precept, Education, and above all, the Sanction, nay, I may say, the Necessity of Custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest Impulses of Nature (for that would be a foolish Prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, ashamed to say, that our Heroine now pursued the Dictates of the abovementioned Right Honourable Philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that Lady *Bellaſton* was ignorant of the Person of *Jones*, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that Ignorance, though at the Expence of a little Fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady *Bellaſton* cry'd, ' Upon my Word, ' a good pretty young Fellow ; I wonder ' who he is : For I don't remember ever ' to have ſeen his Face before.'

' Nor I neither, Madam,' cries *Sophia*. ' I muſt ſay he behaved very handſomely ' in relation to my Note.'

' Yes ; and he is a very handſome Fellow,' ſaid the Lady ; ' don't you think ' ſo ?'

' I did not take much Notice of him,' answered *Sophia* ; ' but I thought he ſeemed rather awkward and ungenteel than ' otherwiſe.'

' You are extremely right,' cries Lady *Bellaſton* : ' You may ſee, by his Manner, ' ner,

‘ner, that he hath not kept good Company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your Note, and refusing the Reward, I almost question whether he is a Gentleman.—I have always observed there is a Something in Persons well-born, which others can never acquire.—I think I will give Orders not to be at Home to him.’

‘Nay sure, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘one can’t suspect after what he hath done:—Besides, if your Ladyship observed him, there was an Elegance in his Discourse, a Delicacy, a Prettiness of Expression that, that—’

‘I confess,’ said Lady *Bellafton*, ‘the Fellow hath Words—And indeed, *Sophia*, you must forgive me, indeed you must.’

‘I forgive your Ladyship!’ said *Sophia*.

‘Yes indeed you must,’ answered she laughing; for I had a horrible Suspicion when I first came into the Room.—I vow you must forgive it; but I suspected it was Mr. *Jones* himself.’

‘ Did your Ladyship indeed ?’ cries *Sophia*, blushing, and affecting a Laugh.

‘ Yes, I vow I did,’ answered she,
‘ I can’t imagine what put it into my
‘ Head : For, give the Fellow his due, he
‘ was genteelly drest ; which, I think, dear
‘ *Sophy*, is not commonly the Case with
‘ your Friend.’

‘ This Raillery,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ is a little cruel, Lady *Bellafton*, after my Promise to your Ladyship.’

‘ Not at all, Child,’ said the Lady ;——
‘ It would have been cruel before ; but after you have promised me never to marry without your Father’s Consent, in which you know is implied your giving up *Jones*, sure you can bear a little Raillery on a Passion which was pardonable enough in a young Girl in the Country, and of which you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What must I think, my dear *Sophy*, if you cannot bear a little Ridicule even on his Dress ? I shall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed ; and almost question whether you have dealt ingenuously with me.’

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ your Ladyship mistakes me, if you imagine I had any Concern on his Account.’

‘ On his Account?’ answered the Lady :
‘ You must have mistaken me ; I went no
‘ farther than his Dress ;—for I would not
‘ injure your Taste by any other Compa-
‘ rison —I don’t imagine, my dear *Sophy*,
‘ if your Mr. *Jones* had been such a Fellow
‘ as this——’

‘ I thought,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ your Ladyship had allowed him to be handsome.’——

‘Whom, pray?’ cried the Lady, hastily.

‘ Mr. Jones,’ answered *Sophia*;—and immediately recollecting herself, ‘ Mr. Jones!—no, no; I ask your Pardon;—I mean the Gentleman who was just now here.’

‘ O *Sophy* ! *Sophy* ! ’ cries the Lady ; ‘ this
‘ Mr. *Jones*, I am afraid, still runs in your
‘ Head.’

‘ Then upon my Honour, Madam,’
said *Sophia*, ‘ Mr. Jones is as entirely in-
F 5 ‘ different

‘ different to me, as the Gentleman who
‘ just now left us.’

‘ Upon my Honour,’ said Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘ I believe it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent Raillery; but I promise you I will never mention his Name any more.’

And now the two Ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the Delight of *Sophia*, than of Lady *Bellaſton*, who would willingly have tormented her Rival a little longer, had not Buſineſs of more Importance called her away. As for *Sophia*, her Mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt Practice of Deceit; upon which, when ſhe retired to her Chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt Uneaſineſs and conſcious Shame. Nor could the peculiar Hardſhip of her Situation, and the Neceſſity of the Caſe, at all reconcile her Conduct to her Mind; the Frame of which was too delicate to bear the Thought of having been guilty of a Falſhood, however qualified by Circumſtances. Nor did this Thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her Eyes during the whole ſucceeding Night.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two Days.

CHAP. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some Knowledge of the Subject on which he writes.

A S several Gentlemen in these Times, by the wonderful Force of Genius only, without the least Assistance of Learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a considerable Figure

gure in the Republic of Letters; the modern Critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all kind of Learning is entirely useless to a Writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of Fetters on the natural Spriteliness and Activity of the Imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high Flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This Doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far: For why should Writing differ so much from all other Arts? The Nimbleness of a Dancing-Master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any Mechanic, I believe, exercise his Tools the worse by knowing how to use them. For my own Part, I cannot conceive that *Homer* or *Virgil* would have writ with more Fire, if, instead of being Masters of all the Learning of their Times, they had really been as ignorant as most of the Authors of the present Age. Nor do I believe that all the Imagination, Fire, and Judgment of *Pitt* could have produced those Orations that have made the Senate of *England* in these our Times a Rival in Eloquence to *Greece* and *Rome*, if he had not been so well read in the Writings of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, as to have transfused their whole Spirit into his Speeches,

Speeches, and with their Spirit, their Knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same Fund of Learning in any of my Brethren, as *Cicero* perswades us is necessary to the Composition of an Orator. On the contrary, very little Reading is, I conceive, necessary to the Poet, less to the Critic, and the least of all to the Politician. For the first, perhaps, *Byssé's* Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern Poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate Heap of Plays; and for the last, an indifferent Collection of political Journals.

To say the Truth, I require no more than that a Man should have some little Knowledge of the Subject on which he treats, according to the old Maxim of Law, *Quam quisque norit artem in eâ se exerceat*. With this alone a Writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other Learning in the World will stand him in little stead.

For Instance, let us suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Aristotle* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy* could have met all together, and have clubbed their several Talents to have composed a Treatise on the Art of Dancing;

ing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent Treatise which Mr. *Effex* hath given us on that Subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of genteel Education*. And, indeed, should the excellent Mr. *Broughton* be prevailed on to set *Fist* to Paper, and to complete the above-said Rudiments, by delivering down the true Principles of Athletics, I question whether the World will have any Cause to lament, that none of the great Writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful Art.

To avoid a Multiplicity of Examples in so plain a Case, and to come at once to my Point, I am apt to conceive, that one Reason why many *English* Writers have totally failed in describing the Manners of upper Life, may possibly be, that in Reality they know nothing of it.

This is a Knowledge unhappily not in the Power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect Idea of it; nor will the Stage a much better: The fine Gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always turn out a Pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a Coxcomb.

Nor

Nor are the Characters drawn from these Models better supported. *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve* copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present Age, as *Hogarth* would do if he was to paint a Rout or a Drum in the Dresses of *Titian* and of *Vandyke*. In short, Imitation here will not do the Business. The Picture must be after Nature herself. A true Knowledge of the World is gained only by Conversation, and the Manners of every Rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher Order of Mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the Human Species, for nothing, in the Streets, Shops, and Coffee-houses: Nor are they shewn, like the upper Rank of Animals, for so much a Piece. In short, this is a Sight to which no Persons are admitted, without one or other of these Qualifications, viz. either Birth or Fortune; or what is equivalent to both, the honourable Profession of a Gamester. And very unluckily for the World, Persons so qualified, very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad Trade of Writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer Sort,

as it is a Trade which many think requires no Kind of Stock to set up with.

Hence those strange Monsters in Lace and Embroidery, in Silks and Brocades, with vast Wigs and Hoops; which, under the Name of Lords and Ladies, strut the Stage, to the great Delight of Attornies and their Clerks in the Pit, and of Citizens and their Apprentices in the Galleries; and which are no more to be found in real Life, than the Centaur, the Chimera, or any other Creature of mere Fiction. But to let my Reader into a Secret, this Knowledge of upper Life, though very necessary for the preventing Mistakes, is no very great Resource to a Writer whose Province is Comedy, or that Kind of Novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic Class.

What Mr. *Pope* says of Women is very applicable to most in this Station, who are indeed so entirely made up of Form and Affectation, that they have no Character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest Life is much the dullest, and affords very little Humour or Entertainment. The various Callings in lower Spheres produce the great Variety

Variety of humorous Character ; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the Pursuit of Ambition, and the fewer still who have a Relish for Pleasure, all is Vanity and servile Imitation. Dressing and Cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtesying, make up the Business of their Lives.

Some there are however of this Rank, upon whom Passion exercises its Tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the Bounds which Decorum prescribes ; of these, the Ladies are as much distinguished by their noble Intrepidity, and a certain superior Contempt of Reputation, from the frail ones of meaner Degree, as a virtuous Woman of Quality is by the Elegance and Delicacy of her Sentiments from the honest Wife of a Yeoman or Shopkeeper. Lady *Bellafton* was of this intrepid Character ; but let not my Country Readers conclude from her, that this is the general Conduct of Women of Fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might as well suppose, that every Clergyman was represented by *Thwackum*, or every Soldier by Ensign *Northerton*.

There

There is not indeed a greater Error than that which universally prevails among the Vulgar, who borrowing their Opinion from some ignorant Satyrists, have affixed the Character of Lewdness to these Times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of Love Intrigue carried on among Persons of Condition, than now. Our present Women have been taught by their Mothers to fix their Thoughts only on Ambition and Vanity, and to despise the Pleasures of Love as unworthy their Regard; and being afterwards, by the Care of such Mothers, married without having Husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the Justness of those Sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull Remainder of Life, with the Pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish Amusements, the bare Mention of which would ill suit with the Dignity of this History. In my humble Opinion, the true Characteristick of the present *Beau Monde*, is rather Folly than Vice, and the only Epithet which it deserves is that of *Frivolous*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing Letters and other Matters which attend Amours.

JONES had not long been at Home, before he received the following Letter.

‘ I was never more surprized than when
‘ I found you was gone. When you left
‘ the Room, I little imagined you intend-
‘ ed to have left the House without seeing
‘ me again. Your Behaviour is all of a
‘ Piece, and convinces me how much I
‘ ought to despise a Heart which can doat
‘ upon an Idiot; though I know not whe-
‘ ther I should not admire her Cunning
‘ more than her Simplicity: Wonderful
‘ both! For though she understood not a
‘ Word of what passed between us, she
‘ yet had the Skill, the Assurance,
‘ the ——— what shall I call it? to deny to
‘ my Face, that she knows you, or ever
‘ saw you before. ——— Was this a Scheme
‘ laid between you, and have you been
‘ base enough to betray me? ——— O how
‘ I

‘ I despise her, you, and all the World,
‘ but chiefly myself, for ——— I dare not
‘ write what I should afterwards run mad
‘ to read ; but remember, I can detest as
‘ violently as I have loved.’

Jones had but little Time given him to reflect on this Letter, before a second was brought him from the same Hand ; and this, likewise, we shall set down in the precise Words.

‘ When you consider the Hurry of Spirits in which I must have writ, you cannot be surpris’d at any Expressions in my former Note. ——— Yet, perhaps, on Reflection, they were rather too warm. At least I would, if possible, think all owing to the odious Playhouse, and to the Impertinence of a Fool, which detain’d me beyond my Appointment. ——— How easy is it to think well of those we love? ——— Perhaps you desire I should think so. I have resolv’d to see you To-Night, so come to me immediately.

P. S. I have order’d to be at Home to none but yourself.

‘ *P.*

‘ P. S. Mr. *Jones* will imagine I shall
 ‘ assist him in his Defence ; for I be-
 ‘ lieve he cannot desire to impose on
 ‘ me more than I desire to impose on
 ‘ myself.

‘ P. S. Come immediately.’

To the Men of Intrigue I refer the Determination, whether the angry or the tender Letter gave the greatest Uneasiness to *Jones*. Certain it is, he had no violent Inclination to pay any more Visits that Evening, unless to one single Person. However he thought his Honour engaged, and had not this been Motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the Temper of Lady *Bellafton* into that Flame of which he had Reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the Consequence might be a Discovery to *Sophia*, which he dreaded. After some discontented Walks therefore about the Room, he was preparing to depart, when the Lady kindly prevented him, not by another Letter, but by her own Presence. She entered the Room very disordered in her Dress, and very discomposed in her
 Looks,

Looks, and threw herself into a Chair, where having recovered her Breath, she said, —— ‘ You see, Sir, when Women
‘ have gone one Length too far, they will
‘ stop at none. If any Person would have
‘ sworn this to me a Week ago, I would not
‘ have believed it of myself.’ ‘ I hope, Ma-
‘ dam, said *Jones*, my charming Lady
‘ *Bellaſton* will be as difficult to believe any
‘ thing against one who is so sensible of the
‘ many Obligations she hath conferred up-
‘ on him.’ —— ‘ Indeed ! says she, sensible
‘ of Obligations ! Did I expect to hear
‘ ſuch cold Language from Mr. *Jones* ?’
‘ Pardon me, my dear Angel, said he, if
‘ after the Letters I have received, the Terrors
‘ of your Anger, though I know not how
‘ I have deſerved it’ —— ‘ And have I
‘ then, says she with a Smile, ſo angry a
‘ Countenance ?— Have I really brought a
‘ chiding Face with me ?’ —— ‘ If there
‘ be Honour in Man, said he, I have done
‘ nothing to merit your Anger. ——
‘ You remember the Appointment you ſent
‘ me —— I went in Purſuance ——
‘ I beſeech you, cry’d she, do not run
‘ through the odious Recital —— An-
‘ ſwer me but one Queſtion, and I ſhall
‘ be eaſy —— Have you not betrayed my
‘ Honour

‘ Honour to her? — *Jones* fell upon his
 ‘ Knees, and began to utter the most vio-
 ‘ lent Protestations, when *Partridge* came
 ‘ dancing and capering into the Room,
 ‘ like one drunk with Joy, crying out, she’s
 ‘ found! she’s found! — Here, Sir, here,
 ‘ she’s here, — Mrs. *Honour* is upon the
 ‘ Stairs. ‘ Stop her a Moment, cries *Jones*,
 ‘ ——— Here, Madam, step behind the
 ‘ Bed, I have no other Room nor Closet,
 ‘ nor Place on Earth to hide you in; sure
 ‘ never was so damn’d an Accident.’ —
 ‘ D——n’d indeed! said the Lady as she
 went to her Place of Concealment; and
 presently afterwards in came Mrs. *Honour*.
 ‘ Hey day! says she, Mr. *Jones*, what’s
 ‘ the Matter? ——— That impudent Ras-
 ‘ cal, your Servant, would scarce let me
 ‘ come up Stairs. I hope he hath not
 ‘ the same Reason now to keep me from
 ‘ you as he had at *Upton*. — I suppose
 ‘ you hardly expected to see me; but you
 ‘ have certainly bewitched my Lady. Poor
 ‘ dear young Lady! To be sure, I loves
 ‘ her as tenderly as if she was my own Sis-
 ‘ ter. Lord have Mercy upon you, if you
 ‘ don’t make her a good Husband; and
 ‘ to be sure, if you do not, nothing can
 ‘ be

‘ be bad enough for you.’ *Jones* begged
‘ her only to whisper, for that there was a
‘ Lady dying in the next Room.’ ‘ A La-
‘ dy ! cries she ; ay, I suppose one of your
‘ Ladies. ——— O Mr. *Jones*, there are
‘ too many of them in the World ; I be-
‘ lieve we are got into the House of one,
‘ for my Lady *Bellaſton* I darſt to ſay is no
‘ better than ſhe ſhould be. ——— ‘ Huiſh !
‘ huiſh ! cries *Jones*, every Word is over-
‘ heard in the next Room.’ ‘ I don’t care
‘ a Farthing, cries *Honour*, I ſpeaks no
‘ Scandal of any one ; but to be ſure the
‘ Servants makes no Scruple of ſaying as
‘ how her Ladyſhip meets Men at another
‘ Place ——— where the Houſe goes under
‘ the Name of a poor Gentlewoman, but
‘ her Ladyſhip pays the Rent, and many’s
‘ the good Thing beſides, they ſay, ſhe hath
‘ of her.’ ——— Here *Jones*, after expreſ-
ſing the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, offered
to ſtop her Mouth, ——— ‘ Hey day !
‘ why ſure Mr. *Jones* you will let me ſpeak,
‘ I ſpeaks no Scandal, for I only ſays what I
‘ heard from others, ——— and thinks I to
‘ myſelf much good may it do the Gentle-
‘ woman with her Riches, if ſhe comes by it
‘ in ſuch a wicked Manner. To be ſure it is
‘ better

' better to be poor and honest.' ' The Ser-
 ' vants are Villains, cries *Jones*, and a-
 ' buse their Lady unjustly — Ay to be
 ' sure Servants are always Villains, and so
 ' my Lady says, and won't hear a Word
 ' of it.' — ' No, I am convinced, says
 ' *Jones*, my *Sophia* is above listening to
 ' such base Scandal.' Nay, I believe it is
 ' no Scandal neither, cries *Honour*, for
 ' why should she meet Men at another
 ' House? — It can never be for any Good :
 ' for if she had a lawful Design of being
 ' courted, as to be sure any Lady may law-
 ' fully give her Company to Men upon
 ' that Account; why where can be the
 ' Sense' — I protest, cries *Jones*, I can't
 ' hear all this of a Lady of such Honour,
 ' and a Relation of *Sophia*; besides you
 ' will distract the poor Lady in the next
 ' Room. — Let me intreat you to walk
 ' with me down Stairs. — Nay, Sir, you
 ' won't let me speak, I have done—Here,
 ' Sir, is a Letter from my young Lady, —
 ' what would some Men give to have this?
 ' But, Mr. *Jones*, I think you are not over
 ' and above generous, and yet I have heard
 ' some Servants say; but I am sure you will
 ' do me the Justice to own I never saw the
 ' Colour of your Money.' Here *Jones* hastily
 took the Letter, and presently after slip'd
 five Pieces into her Hand. He then re-

turned a thousand Thanks to his dear *Sophia* in a Whisper, and begged her to leave him to read her Letter; she presently departed, not without expressing much grateful Sense of his Generosity.

Lady *Bellaſton* now came from behind the Curtain. How shall I describe her Rage? Her Tongue was at first incapable of Utterance; but Streams of Fire darted from her Eyes, and well indeed they might, for her Heart was all in a Flame. And now as soon as her Voice found Way, instead of expressing any Indignation against *Honour*, or her own Servants, she began to attack poor *Jones*. ‘ You see, said she, what I have sacrificed to you, my Reputation, my Honour, — gone for ever! And what Return have I found? Neglected, slighted for a Country Girl, for an Idiot.’ — What Neglect, Madam, or what Slight, cries *Jones*, have I been guilty of? — Mr. *Jones*, said she, it is in vain to dissimble, if you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; and as a Proof of your Intention, shew me the Letter.’ — What Letter, Madam? said *Jones*. ‘ Nay, surely, said she, you cannot have the Confidence to deny your having received a Letter by the Hands of that Trollop.’ And can your Ladyship, cries he,

' he, ask of me what I must part with
 ' my Honour before I grant? Have I act-
 ' ed in such a Manner by your Ladyship?
 ' Could I be guilty of betraying this poor
 ' innocent Girl to you, what Security could
 ' you have, that I should not act the
 ' same Part by yourself? A Moment's
 ' Reflection will, I am sure, convince you,
 ' that a Man with whom the Secrets of a
 ' Lady are not safe, must be the most con-
 ' temptible of Wretches. Very well, said
 ' she——I need not insist on your becom-
 ' ing this contemptible Wretch in your
 ' own Opinion; for the Inside of the Let-
 ' ter could inform me of nothing more
 ' than I know already. I see the Footing
 ' you are upon.' —— Here ensued a long
 Conversation, which the Reader, who is
 not too curious, will thank me for not
 inserting at length. It shall suffice there-
 fore to inform him, that Lady *Bellafton*
 grew more and more pacified, and at
 length believed, or affected to believe, his
 Protestations, that his meeting with *Sophia*
 that Evening was merely accidental, and e-
 very other Matter which the Reader alrea-
 dy knows, and which as *Jones* set before
 her in the strongest Light, it is plain that
 she had in Reality no Reason to be angry
 with him.

She was not however in her Heart perfectly satisfied with his Refusal to shew her the Letter, so deaf are we to the clearest Reason, when it argues against our prevailing Passions. She was indeed well convinced that *Sophia* possessed the first Place in *Jones's* Affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this Lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second Place; or to express it more properly in a legal Phrase, was contented with the Possession of that of which another Woman had the Rever-
sion.

It was at length agreed, that *Jones* should for the future visit at the House: for that *Sophia*, her Maid, and all the Servants would place these Visits to the Account of *Sophia*; and that she herself would be considered as the Person imposed upon.

This Scheme was contrived by the Lady, and highly relished by *Jones*, who was indeed glad to have a Prospect of seeing his *Sophia* at any Rate; and the Lady herself was not a little pleased with the Imposition on *Sophia*, which *Jones*, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own Sake.

The

The next Day was appointed for the first Visit, and then, after proper Ceremonials, the Lady *Bellaston* returned Home.

C H A P. III.

Containing various Matters.

JONES was no sooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his Letter, and read as follows.

‘ Sir, it is impossible to express what I
 ‘ have suffered since you left this House; and
 ‘ as I have Reason to think you intend
 ‘ coming here again, I have sent *Honour*,
 ‘ though so late at Night, as she tells me
 ‘ she knows your Lodgings, to prevent you.
 ‘ I charge you, by all the Regard you
 ‘ have for me, not to think of visiting
 ‘ here; for it will certainly be discovered;
 ‘ nay, I almost doubt from some Things
 ‘ which have dropt from her Ladyship,
 ‘ that she is not already without some
 ‘ Suspicion. Something favourable per-
 ‘ haps may happen; we must wait with
 ‘ Patience; but I once more entreat you,
 ‘ if you have any Concern for my Ease,
 ‘ do not think of returning hither.’

G 3

This

This Letter administred the same Kind of Consolation to poor *Jones*, which *Job* formerly received from his Friends. Besides disappointing all the Hopes which he promised to himself from seeing *Sophia*, he was reduced to an unhappy Dilemma, with Regard to *Lady Bellaſton*; for there are some certain Engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any Excuse for the Failure; and to go, after the strict Prohibition from *Sophia*, he was not to be forced by any human Power. At length, after much Deliberation, which during that Night supply'd the Place of Sleep, he determined to feign himself sick: For this suggested itself as the only means of failing the appointed Visit, without incensing *Lady Bellaſton*, which he had more than one Reason of desiring to avoid.

The first Thing however which he did in the Morning was to write an Answer to *Sophia*, which he enclosed in one to *Honour*. He then dispatched another to *Lady Bellaſton*, containing the abovementioned Excuse; and to this he soon received the following Answer.

‘ I

‘ I am vexed that I cannot see you here
 ‘ this Afternoon, but more concerned for
 ‘ the Occasion ; take great Care of your-
 ‘ self, and have the best Advice, and I
 ‘ hope there will be no Danger. — I am
 ‘ so tormented all this Morning with Fools,
 ‘ that I have scarce a Moment’s Time to
 ‘ write to you. Adieu.’

‘ P. S. I will endeavour to call on you
 ‘ this Evening at nine. — Be sure
 ‘ to be alone.’

Mr. *Jones* now received a Visit from
 Mrs. *Miller*, who, after some formal In-
 troduction, began the following Speech.
 ‘ I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you
 ‘ on such an Occasion ; but I hope you
 ‘ will consider the ill Consequence which it
 ‘ must be to the Reputations of my poor
 ‘ Girls, if my House should once be talk-
 ‘ ed of as a House of ill Fame. I hope
 ‘ you won’t think me therefore guilty of
 ‘ Impertinence, if I beg you not to bring
 ‘ any more Ladies in at that Time of
 ‘ Night. The Clock had struck two be-
 ‘ fore one of them went away.’ ‘ I do
 ‘ assure you, Madam, said *Jones*, the La-
 ‘ dy who was here last Night, and who

• staid the latest (for the other only brought
 • me a Letter) is a Woman of very great
 • Fashion, and my near Relation. I don't
 • know what Fashion she is of, answered
 • Mrs. Miller, but I am sure no Woman
 • of Virtue, unless a very near Relation
 • indeed, would visit a young Gentleman
 • at ten at Night, and stay four Hours in
 • his Room with him alone; besides, Sir,
 • the Behaviour of her Chairmen shews
 • what she was; for they did nothing but
 • make Jest all the Evening in the Entry,
 • and asked Mr. Partridge in the hearing of
 • my own Maid, if Madam intended to
 • stay with his Master all Night; with a
 • great deal of Stuff not proper to be re-
 • peated. I have really a great Respect for
 • you, Mr. Jones, upon your own Ac-
 • count, nay I have a very high Obliga-
 • tion to you for your Generosity to my
 • Cousin. Indeed I did not know how ve-
 • ry good you had been till lately. Little
 • did I imagine to what dreadful Courses
 • the poor Man's Distress had driven him.
 • Little did I think when you gave me the
 • ten Guineas, that you had given them to
 • a Highwayman! O Heavens! What
 • Goodness have you shewn? How have
 • you preserved this Family.—The Cha-
 • racter which Mr. Allworthy hath former-
 • ly

' ly given me of you, was, I find, strict-
 ' ly true. ——— And indeed if I had no
 ' Obligation to you, my Obligations to
 ' him are such, that, on his Account, I
 ' should shew you the utmost Respect in
 ' my Power. ——— Nay, believe me, dear
 ' Mr. *Jones*, if my Daughters and my own
 ' Reputation were out of the Case, I
 ' should, for your own Sake, be sorry that
 ' so pretty a young Gentleman should con-
 ' verse with these Women; but if you
 ' are resolved to do it, I must beg you to
 ' take another Lodging; for I do not my-
 ' self like to have such Things carried on
 ' under my Roof; but more especially up-
 ' on the Account of my Girls, who have
 ' little, Heaven knows, besides their Cha-
 ' racters to recommend them.' *Jones* start-
 ed and changed Colour at the Name of *All-*
worthy. ' Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, answered
 ' he a little warmly, I do not take this at
 ' all kind. I will never bring any Slander
 ' on your House; but I must insist on see-
 ' ing what Company I please in my own
 ' Room; and if that gives you any Of-
 ' fence, I shall, as soon as I am able, look
 ' for another Lodging.' ' I am sorry we
 ' must part then, Sir, said she, but I am
 ' convinced Mr. *Allworthy* himself would
 ' never come within my Doors, if he had

‘ the least Suspicion of my keeping an ill House.’ — ‘ Very well, Madam,’ said *Jones*. — ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said she, ‘ you are not angry ; for I would not for the World offend any of Mr. *Allworthy*’s Family. I have not slept a wink all Night about this Matter.’ — ‘ I am sorry, I have disturbed your Rest, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ but I beg you will send *Partridge* up to me immediately ;’ which she promised to do, and then with a very low Courtesy retired.

As soon as *Partridge* arrived, *Jones* fell upon him in the most outrageous manner. — ‘ How often,’ said he, ‘ am I to suffer for your Folly, or rather for my own in keeping you ? Is that Tongue of yours resolved upon my Destruction ?’ — ‘ What have I done, Sir ?’ answered affrighted *Partridge*, ‘ Who was it gave you Authority to mention the Story of the Robbery, or that the Man you saw here was the Person ?’ — ‘ I Sir ?’ cries *Partridge*. ‘ Now don’t be guilty of a Falshood in denying it,’ said *Jones*. — ‘ If I did mention such a Matter,’ answers *Partridge*, ‘ I am sure, I thought no Harm : For I should not have opened my Lips, if it had not been to his own Friends and Relations, who, I imagined

‘ imagined, would have let it go no farther.’ ‘ But I have a much heavier Charge against you,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ than this. How durst you, after all the Precautions I gave you, mention the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* in this House?’ *Partridge* denied that he ever had, with many Oaths. ‘ How else,’ said *Jones*, ‘ should Mrs. *Miller* be acquainted that there was any Connection between him and me? And it is but this Moment she told me, she respected me on his Account.’—‘ O Lord, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ I desire only to be heard out; and to be sure, never was any thing so unfortunate; hear me but out, and you will own how wrongfully you have accused me. When Mrs. *Honour* came down Stairs last Night, she met me in the Entry, and asked me when my Master had heard from Mr. *Allworthy*; and to be sure Mrs. *Miller* heard the very Words; and the Moment Madam *Honour* was gone, she called me in to the Parlour to her.’ ‘ Mr. *Partridge*,’ says she, ‘ What Mr. *Allworthy* is that the Gentlewoman mentioned? Is it the great Mr. *Allworthy* of *Somersetshire*?’ ‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ says I, ‘ I know nothing of the Matter.’—‘ Sure,’ says she, ‘ your Master is not the Mr. *Jones* I have heard Mr. *Allworthy* talk of?’

‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ says I,
 ‘ I know nothing of the Matter.’ — ‘ Then,’
 ‘ says she, turning to her Daughter *Nancy*,’
 ‘ says she, ‘ as sure as ten Pence this is the
 ‘ very young Gentleman, and he agrees
 ‘ exactly with the Squire’s Description.’ The
 ‘ Lord above knows who it was told her,
 ‘ for I am the arrantest Villain that ever
 ‘ walked upon two Legs if ever it came out
 ‘ of my Mouth.—I promise you, Sir, I can
 ‘ keep a Secret when I am desired.—Nay,
 ‘ Sir, so far was I from telling her any
 ‘ thing about Mr. *Allworthy*, that I told
 ‘ her the very direct contrary : For though
 ‘ I did not contradict it at that Moment,
 ‘ yet as second Thoughts, they say, are best ;
 ‘ so when I came to consider that some
 ‘ body must have informed her, thinks I
 ‘ to myself, I will put an End to the Story,
 ‘ and so I went back again into the Par-
 ‘ lour some time afterwards, and says
 ‘ I, Upon my word, says I, whoever, says
 ‘ I, told you that this Gentleman was Mr.
 ‘ *Jones*, that is, says I, that this Mr. *Jones*
 ‘ was that Mr. *Jones*, told you a con-
 ‘ founded Lie ; and I beg, says I, you will
 never mention any such Matter, says I :
 ‘ for my Master, says I, will think I must
 ‘ have told you so, and I defy any body
 ‘ in the House, ever to say, I mentioned
 ‘ any

‘ any such Word. To be certain, Sir, it
 ‘ is a wonderful Thing, and I have been
 ‘ thinking with myself ever since, how it
 ‘ was she came to know it; not but I saw an
 ‘ old Woman here t’other Day a begging
 ‘ at the Door, who looked as like her we
 ‘ saw in *Warwickshire*, that caused all that
 ‘ Mischief to us. To be sure it is never
 ‘ good to pass by an old Woman without
 ‘ giving her something, especially if she
 ‘ looks at you; for all the World shall
 ‘ never persuade me but that they have a
 ‘ great Power to do Mischief, and to
 ‘ be sure I shall never see an old Wo-
 ‘ man again, but I shall think to myself,
 ‘ *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Do-*
 ‘ *lorem.*

‘ The Simplicity of *Partridge* set *Jones* a
 laughing, and put a final end to his Anger,
 which had indeed seldom any long Dura-
 tion in his Mind; and instead of com-
 menting on his Defence, he told him he in-
 tended presently to leave those Lodgings,
 and ordered him to go and endeavour to
 get him others.

C H A P. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively perused by young People of both Sexes.

PARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted a great Intimacy, came to him, and after a short Salutation, said, ' So *Tom*, I hear you had Company very late last Night. Upon my Soul, you are a happy Fellow, who have not been in Town above a Fortnight, and can keep Chairs waiting at your Door till two in the Morning.' He then ran on with much common-place Raillery of the same Kind, till *Jones* at last interrupted him, saying, ' I suppose you have received all this Information from Mrs. *Miller*, who hath been up here a little while ago to give me Warning. The good Woman is afraid, it seems, of the Reputation of her Daughters.' ' O she is wonderfully nice, says *Nightingale*, ' upon that Account; if you remember, she would not let *Nancy* go with us to the Masquerade.' ' Nay, upon my Honour, I think she's in the Right of it,' says *Jones*; however I have taken her

‘ her at her Word, and have sent *Partridge*
 ‘ to look for another Lodging.’ ‘ If you
 ‘ will,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘ we may, I be-
 ‘ lieve, be again together ; for to tell you
 ‘ a Secret, which I desire you won’t men-
 ‘ tion in the Family, I intend to quit the
 ‘ House to-day.’ — ‘ What, hath Mrs.
 ‘ *Miller* given you Warning too, my
 ‘ Friend ?’ cries *Jones*. ‘ No,’ answered
 the other ; ‘ but the Rooms are not con-
 ‘ venient enough.—Besides, I am grown
 ‘ weary of this part of the Town. I want
 ‘ to be nearer the Places of Diversion ;
 ‘ so I am going to *Pallmall*.’ — ‘ And do
 ‘ you intend to make a Secret of your go-
 ‘ ing away ?’ said *Jones*. ‘ I promise you,’
 answered *Nightingale*, ‘ I don’t intend to
 ‘ bilk my Lodgings ; but I have a private
 ‘ Reason for not taking a formal Leave.’
 ‘ Not so private,’ answered *Jones* ; ‘ I pro-
 ‘ mise you, I have seen it ever since the
 ‘ second Day of my coming to the House.
 ‘ — Here will be some wet Eyes on your
 ‘ Departure.—Poor *Nancy*, I pity her,
 ‘ faith ! ——— Indeed, *Jack*, you have
 ‘ play’d the Fool with that Girl ——— You
 ‘ have given her a Longing, which I am
 ‘ afraid nothing will ever cure her of.’
 — *Nightingale* answered, ‘ What the Devil
 ‘ would you have me do ? Would you
 ‘ have me marry her to cure her ?’ —
 ‘ No,’

‘No,’ answered *Jones*, ‘I would not have had you make Love to her, as you have often done in my Presence. I have been astonished at the Blindness of her Mother in never seeing it.’ ‘Pugh, see it!’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘What the Devil should she see?’ ‘Why see,’ said *Jones*, ‘that you have made her Daughter distractedly in Love with you. The poor Girl cannot conceal it a Moment, her Eyes are never off from you, and she always colours every time you come into the Room. Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the best natured, and honestest of human-Creatures.’ ‘And so, answered *Nightingale*, according to your Doctrine, one must not amuse one’s self by any common Gallantries with Women, for fear they should fall in love with us.’ ‘Indeed, *Jack*,’ said *Jones*, ‘you wilfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy Women are so apt to fall in love; but you have gone far beyond common Gallantries.’ — ‘What do you suppose,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘that we have been a-bed together?’ ‘No, upon my Honour,’ answered *Jones*, very seriously, ‘I do not suppose so ill of you; nay, I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid a regular premeditated Scheme for the Destruction of the
‘ Quiet

‘ Quiet of a poor little Creature, or have
 ‘ even foreseen the Consequence ; for I am
 ‘ sure thou art a very good-natured Fellow,
 ‘ and such a one can never be guilty of a
 ‘ Cruelty of that Kind ; but at the same
 ‘ time, you have pleased your own Vanity,
 ‘ without considering that this poor Girl
 ‘ was made a Sacrifice to it ; and while you
 ‘ have had no Design but of amusing an
 ‘ idle Hour, you have actually given her
 ‘ Reason to flatter herself, that you had
 ‘ the most serious Designs in her Favour.
 ‘ Prithee, *Jack*, answer me honestly : To
 ‘ what have tended all those elegant and
 ‘ luscious Descriptions of Happiness arising
 ‘ from violent and mutual Fondness, all
 ‘ those warm Professions of Tenderness, and
 ‘ generous, disinterested Love ? did you
 ‘ imagine she would not apply them ? or
 ‘ speak ingenuously, did not you intend
 ‘ she should ? ’ ‘ Upon my Soul, *Tom*,
 cries *Nightingale*, ‘ I did not think this
 ‘ was in thee. Thou wilt make an admira-
 ‘ ble Parson. — So, I suppose, you would
 ‘ not go to Bed to *Nancy* now, if she
 ‘ would let you ? ’ — ‘ No,’ cries *Jones*,
 ‘ may I be d—n’d if I would.’ ‘ *Tom*,
 ‘ *Tom*,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ last Night,
 ‘ remember last Night.

‘ — When

‘ —When every Eye was clos’d, and the
pale Moon,
‘ And silent Stars shone conscious of the
Theft.

‘ Lookee, Mr. *Nightingale*,’ said *Jones*,
‘ I am no canting Hypocrite, nor do I
‘ pretend to the Gift of Chastity, more
‘ than my Neighbours. I have been guilty
‘ with Women, I own it; but am not con-
‘ scious that I have ever injured any — nor
‘ would I to procure Pleasure to myself, be
‘ knowingly the Cause of Misery to any
‘ human Being.’

‘ Well, well,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I be-
‘ lieve you, and I am convinced you acquit
‘ me of any such Thing.’

‘ I do, from my Heart,’ answered *Jones*,
‘ of having debauched the Girl, but not
‘ from having gained her Affections.

‘ If I have,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I am
‘ sorry for it; but Time and Absence will
‘ soon wear off such Impressions. It is a
‘ Receipt I must take myself: For to con-
‘ fess the Truth to you — I never liked
‘ any Girl half so much in my whole Life;
‘ but

‘ but I must let you into the whole Secret,
 ‘ *Tom.* My Father hath provided a Match
 ‘ for me, with a Woman I never saw, and
 ‘ she is now coming to Town, in order for
 ‘ me to make my Addresses to her.’

At these Words *Jones* burst into a loud
 Fit of Laughter; when *Nightingale* cried,
 —‘ Nay, prithee don’t turn me into Ridi-
 ‘ cule. The Devil take me if I am not
 ‘ half mad about this Matter! My poor
 ‘ *Nancy*! Oh *Jones*, *Jones*, I wish I had a
 ‘ Fortune in my own Possession.’

‘ I heartily wish you had,’ cries *Jones*;
 ‘ for if this be the Case, I sincerely pity
 ‘ you both: But surely you don’t intend to
 ‘ go away without taking your Leave of
 ‘ her.’

‘ I would not,’ answered *Nightingale*,
 ‘ undergo the Pain of taking Leave for
 ‘ ten thousand Pound; besides, I am con-
 ‘ vinced, instead of answering any good
 ‘ Purpose, it would only serve to inflame my
 ‘ poor *Nancy* the more. I beg therefore,
 ‘ you would not mention a Word of it to-
 ‘ day, and in the Evening or to-morrow
 ‘ morning I intend to depart.’

Jones

Jones promised he would not, and said, upon Reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the most prudent Method. He then told *Nightingale*, he should be very glad to lodge in the same House with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that *Nightingale* should procure him either the Ground Floor, or the two Pair of Stairs; for the young Gentleman himself was to occupy that which was between them.

This *Nightingale*, of whom we shall be presently obliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary Transactions of Life a Man of strict Honour, and what is more rare among young Gentlemen of the Town, one of strict Honesty too; yet in Affairs of Love he was somewhat looser in his Morals; not that he was even here as void of Principle as Gentlemen sometimes are, and oftner affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible Treachery to Women, and had in a certain Mystery called making Love, practiced many Deceits, which if he had used in Trade he would have been counted the greatest Villain upon Earth.

But

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But as the World, I know not well for what Reason, agree to see this Treachery in a better Light, he was so far from being ashamed of his Iniquities of this Kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his Skill in gaining of Women, and his Triumphs over their Hearts, for which he had before this time received some Rebukes from *Jones*, who always exprest great Bitterness against any Misbehaviour to the fair Part of the Species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the Light of the dearest Friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost Love and Tendernefs; but if regarded as Enemies, were a Conquest of which a Man ought rather to be ashamed than to value himself upon it.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

A short Account of the History of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this Day eat a pretty good Dinner for a sick Man, that is to say, the larger Half of a Shoulder of Mutton. In the Afternoon he received an Invitation from Mrs. *Miller* to drink Tea: For that good Woman having learnt, either by Means of *Partridge*, or by some other Means natural or super-natural, that he had a Connection with Mr. *Allworthy*, could not endure the Thoughts of parting with him in an angry Manner.

Jones accepted the Invitation; and no sooner was the Tea-kettle removed, and the Girls sent out of the Room, than the Widow, without much Preface, began as follows: ‘ Well, there are very surprizing Things happen in this World; but certainly it is a wonderful Business, that I should have a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy* in my House, and never know any Thing of the Matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a Friend that best of Gentle-

‘ Gentlemen hath been to me and mine.
 ‘ Yes, Sir, I am not ashamed to own it ;
 ‘ it is owing to his Goodness, that I did
 ‘ not long since perish for Want, and leave
 ‘ my poor little Wretches, two destitute,
 ‘ helpless, friendless Orphans, to the Care,
 ‘ or rather to the Cruelty of the World.

‘ You must know, Sir, though I am
 ‘ now reduced to get my Living by letting
 ‘ Lodgings, I was born and bred a Gentle-
 ‘ woman. My Father was an Officer of
 ‘ the Army, and died in a considerable
 ‘ Rank : But he lived up to his Pay ; and
 ‘ as that expired with him, his Family, at
 ‘ his Death, became Beggars. We were
 ‘ three Sisters. One of us had the good
 ‘ Luck to die soon afterwards of the Small-
 ‘ pox : A Lady was so kind to take the
 ‘ second out of Charity, as she said, to
 ‘ wait upon her. The Mother of this Lady
 ‘ had been a Servant to my Grandmother ;
 ‘ and having inherited a vast Fortune from
 ‘ her Father, which he had got by Pawn-
 ‘ broking, was married to a Gentleman of
 ‘ great Estate and Fashion. She used my
 ‘ Sister so barbarously, often upbraiding her
 ‘ with her Birth and Poverty, calling her
 ‘ in Derision a Gentlewoman, that I be-
 ‘ lieve she at length broke the Heart of
 ‘ the

‘ the poor Girl. In short, she likewise died
‘ within a Twelvemonth after my Father.
‘ Fortune thought proper to provide better
‘ for me, and within a Month from his De-
‘ cease I was married to a Clergyman, who
‘ had been my Lover a long Time before,
‘ and who had been very ill-used by my
‘ Father on that Account ; for though my
‘ poor Father could not give any of us a
‘ Shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately,
‘ considered us, and would have had us
‘ consider ourselves as highly, as if we had
‘ been the richest Heiresses. But my dear
‘ Husband forgot all this Usage, and the
‘ Moment we were become fatherless, he
‘ immediately renewed his Addresses to me
‘ so warmly, that I, who always liked,
‘ and now more than ever esteemed him,
‘ soon comply’d. Five Years did I live in
‘ a State of perfect Happiness with that
‘ best of Men, ’till at last—Oh ! cruel,
‘ cruel Fortune that ever separated us, that
‘ deprived me of the kindest of Husbands,
‘ and my poor Girls of the tenderest Pa-
‘ rent.—O my poor Girls ! you never
‘ knew the Blessing which ye lost.—I am
‘ ashamed, Mr. Jones, of this womanish
‘ Weakness ; but I shall never mention
‘ him without Tears.’——‘ I ought ra-
‘ ther, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ to be sham-
‘ ed

' ed that I do not accompany you.'——
 ' Well, Sir,' continued she, ' I was now
 ' left a second Time in a much worse Con-
 ' dition than before ; besides the terrible
 ' Affliction I was to encounter, I had now
 ' two Children to provide for ; and was,
 ' if possible, more pennyless than ever,
 ' when that great, that good, that glorious
 ' Man, Mr. *Allworthy*, who had some
 ' little Acquaintance with my Husband,
 ' accidentally heard of my Distress, and
 ' immediately writ this Letter to me. Here,
 ' Sir ;——here it is ; I put it into my Pocket
 ' to shew it you. This is the Letter, Sir ;
 ' I must and will read it you. “ Madam,
 “ I heartily condole with you on your late
 “ grievous Loss, which your own good
 “ Sense, and the excellent Lessons you must
 “ have learnt from the worthiest of Men,
 “ will better enable you to bear, than any
 “ Advice which I am capable of giving.
 “ Nor have I any Doubt that you, whom
 “ I have heard to be the tenderest of
 “ Mothers, will suffer any immoderate In-
 “ dulgence of Grief to prevent you from
 “ discharging your Duty to those poor In-
 “ fants, who now alone stand in Need of
 “ your Tenderness.

“ However, as you must be supposed
 “ at present to be incapable of much world-
 “ ly Consideration, you will pardon my
 “ having ordered a Person to wait on you,
 “ and to pay you Twenty Guineas, which
 “ I beg you will accept ’till I have the
 “ Pleasure of seeing you, and believe me
 “ to be, Madam, &c.’

‘ This Letter, Sir, I received within a
 ‘ Fortnight after the irreparable Loss I have
 ‘ mentioned, and within a Fortnight after-
 ‘ wards, Mr. *Allworthy*,——the blessed Mr.
 ‘ *Allworthy*, came to pay me a Visit, when
 ‘ he placed me in the House you now see
 ‘ me, gave me a large Sum of Money to
 ‘ furnish it, and settled an Annuity of 50*l*.
 ‘ a Year upon me, which I have constantly
 ‘ received ever since. Judge then, Mr.
 ‘ *Jones*, in what Regard I must hold a
 ‘ Benefactor, to whom I owe the Preserva-
 ‘ tion of my Life, and of those dear Chil-
 ‘ dren, for whose Sake alone my Life is
 ‘ valuable.——Do not, therefore, think me
 ‘ impertinent, Mr. *Jones*, (since I must es-
 ‘ teem one for whom I know Mr. *Allwor-*
 ‘ *thy* hath so much Value) if I beg you not to
 ‘ converse with these wicked Women. You
 ‘ are a young Gentleman, and do not know
 ‘ half

‘ half their artful Wiles. Do not be angry
 ‘ with me, Sir, for what I said upon ac-
 ‘ count of my House ; you must be sensi-
 ‘ ble it would be the Ruin of my poor,
 ‘ dear Girls. Besides, Sir, you cannot but
 ‘ be acquainted, that Mr. *Allworthy* him-
 ‘ self would never forgive my conniving
 ‘ at such Matters, and particularly with
 ‘ you.

‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ said *Jones*,
 ‘ you need make no farther Apology ; nor
 ‘ do I in the least take any Thing ill you
 ‘ have said ; but give me Leave, as no one
 ‘ can have more Value than myself for Mr.
 ‘ *Allworthy*, to deliver you from one Mis-
 ‘ take, which, perhaps, would not be al-
 ‘ together for his Honour : I do assure
 ‘ you, I am no Relation of his.’

‘ Alas! Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I know you
 ‘ are not. I know very well who you are ;
 ‘ for Mr. *Allworthy* hath told me all : But
 ‘ I do assure you, had you been twenty
 ‘ Times his Son, he could not have ex-
 ‘ pressed more Regard for you, than he
 ‘ hath often expressed in my Presence.
 ‘ You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what
 ‘ you are ; I promise you no good Person
 ‘ will esteem you the less on that Account.

‘ No, Mr. *Jones* ; the Words dishonourable Birth are Nonsense, as my dear, dear Husband used to say, unless the Word dishonourable be applied to the Parents ; for the Children can derive no real Dishonour from an Act of which they are entirely innocent.’

Here *Jones* heaved a deep Sigh, and then said, ‘ Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, and Mr. *Allworthy* hath thought proper to mention my Name to you ; and since you have been so explicit with me as to your own Affairs, I will acquaint you with some more Circumstances concerning myself.’ And these Mrs. *Miller* having expressed great Desire and Curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole History, without once mentioning the Name of *Sophia*.

There is a Kind of Sympathy in honest Minds, by Means of which they give an easy Credit to each other. Mrs. *Miller* believed all which *Jones* told her to be true, and expressed much Pity and Concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the Story, but *Jones* interrupted her : For as the Hour of Assignment now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second Interview with

with the Lady that Evening, which he promised should be the last at her House; swearing, at the same Time, that she was one of great Distinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his Word.

Mrs. *Miller* was at length prevailed on, and *Jones* departed to his Chamber, where he sat alone till Twelve o' Clock, but no Lady *Bellafton* appeared.

As we have said that this Lady had a great Affection for *Jones*, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the Reader may perhaps wonder at the first Failure of her Appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by Sickness, a Season when Friendship seems most to require such Visits. This Behaviour, therefore, in the Lady, may, by some, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our Fault; for our Business is only to record Truth.

C H A P. VI.

Containing a Scene which we doubt not will affect all our Readers.

MR. Jones closed not his Eyes during all the former Part of the Night; not owing to any Uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by Lady Belaston; nor was *Sophia* herself, though most of his waking Hours were justly to be charged to her Account, the present Cause of dispelling his Slumbers. In Fact, poor *Jones* was one of the best-natured Fellows alive, and had all that Weakness which is called Compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect Character from that noble Firmness of Mind, which rolls a Man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished Bowl, enables him to run through the World without being once stopped by the Calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the Situation of poor *Nancy*, whose Love for Mr. *Nightingale* seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the Blindness of her Mother, who had more than once, the preceding Evening, remarked to him

him

him the great Change in the Temper of her Daughter, ‘ who from being,’ she said, ‘ one
 ‘ of the liveliest, merriest Girls in the
 ‘ World, was, on a sudden, become all
 ‘ Gloom and Melancholy.’

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all Resistance ; and now, as if he had really been a Deity, as the Ancients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought Conquest. —To speak simply, and without any Metaphor, Mr. *Jones* slept ’till Eleven the next Morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet Situation much longer, had not a violent Uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the Matter, answered,
 ‘ That there was a dreadful Hurricane below Stairs ; that Miss *Nancy* was in Fits ;
 ‘ and that the other Sister and the Mother
 ‘ were both crying and lamenting over her. *Jones* expressed much Concern at this News, which *Partridge* endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a Smile, ‘ He fancied the
 ‘ young Lady was in no Danger of Death ;
 ‘ for that *Susan* (which was the Name of
 ‘ the Maid) had given him to understand;

‘ it was nothing more than a common
‘ Affair. In short,’ said he, ‘ Miss *Nancy*
‘ hath had a Mind to be as wise as
‘ her Mother, that’s all. She was a little
‘ hungry, it seems, and so sat down to
‘ Dinner before Grace was said, and so there
‘ is a Child coming for the Foundling Hos-
‘ pital.’——‘ Prithee leave thy stupid jest-
‘ ing,’ cries *Jones*; ‘ is the Misery of these
‘ poor Wretches a Subject of Mirth? Go
‘ immediately to Mrs. *Miller*, and tell her,
‘ I beg Leave,——Stay, you will make
‘ some Blunder, I will go myself; for she
‘ desired me to breakfast with her.’ He
then rose and dressed himself as fast as he
could; and while he was dressing, *Par-*
tridge, notwithstanding many severe Re-
bukes, could not avoid throwing forth cer-
tain Pieces of Brutality, commonly called
Jests, on this Occasion. *Jones* was no soon-
er dressed than he walked down Stairs, and
knocking at the Door was presently admitted,
by the Maid, into the outward Parlour, which
was as empty of Company as it was of any
Apparatus for eating. Mrs. *Miller* was in
the inner Room with her Daughter, whence
the Maid presently brought a Message to
Mr. *Jones*, ‘ that her Mistress hoped he
‘ would excuse the Disappointment, but an
‘ Accident had happened, which made it
‘ im-

‘ impossible for her to have the Pleasure of
 ‘ his Company at Breakfast that Day, and
 ‘ begged his Pardon for not sending him
 ‘ up Notice sooner.’ *Jones* ‘ desired she
 ‘ would give herself no Trouble about any
 ‘ Thing so trifling as his Disappointment ;
 ‘ that he was heartily sorry for the Occasion ;
 ‘ and that if he could be of any Service to
 ‘ her, she might command him.’ He had
 scarce spoke these Words, when *Mrs. Mil-*
ler, who heard them all, suddenly threw
 open the Door, and coming out to him,
 in a Flood of Tears, said, ‘ O Mr.
 ‘ *Jones*, you are certainly one of the best
 ‘ young Men alive. I give you a thousand
 ‘ Thanks for your kind Offer of your Ser-
 ‘ vice ; but, alas ! Sir, it is out of your
 ‘ Power to preserve my poor Girl.—O my
 ‘ Child, my Child ! She is undone, she is
 ‘ ruined for ever !’ ‘ I hope, Madam,’
 said *Jones*, ‘ no Villain’ — ‘ O Mr. *Jones*,’
 said she, ‘ that Villain who Yesterday left
 ‘ my Lodgings, hath betrayed my poor
 ‘ Girl ; hath destroyed her,—I know you
 ‘ are a Man of Honour. You have a
 ‘ good—a noble Heart, Mr. *Jones*. The
 ‘ Actions to which I have been myself a
 ‘ Witness, could proceed from no other.
 ‘ I will tell you all : Nay, indeed, it is im-
 ‘ possible, after what hath happened, to

‘ keep it a Secret. That *Nightingale*, that
‘ barbarous Villain hath undone my Daugh-
‘ ter. She is—she is—oh ! Mr. *Jones*, my
‘ Girl is with Child by him ; and in that Con-
‘ dition he hath deserted her. Here ! here,
‘ Sir, is his cruel Letter ; read it, Mr.
‘ *Jones*, and tell me if such another Mon-
‘ ster lives.’ The Letter was as follows :

‘ Dear Nancy,

‘ As I found it impossible to mention to
‘ you what I am afraid will be no less shock-
‘ ing to you, than it is to me, I have tak-
‘ en this Method to inform you, that my
‘ Father insists upon my immediately pay-
‘ ing my Addresses to a young Lady of
‘ Fortune, whom he hath provided for
‘ my—I need not write the detested
‘ Word. Your own good Understanding
‘ will make you sensible, how entirely I am
‘ obliged to an Obedience, by which I shall
‘ be for ever excluded from your dear
‘ Arms. The Fondness of your Mother
‘ may encourage you to trust her with the
‘ unhappy Consequence of our Love, which
‘ may be easily kept a Secret from the
‘ World, and for which I will take Care to
‘ provide, as I will for you. I wish you
‘ may feel less on this Account than I have
‘ suffered : But summon all your Fortitude

‘ to your Assistance, and forgive and for-
 ‘ get the Man, whom nothing but the
 ‘ Prospect of certain Ruin, could have for-
 ‘ ced to write this Letter. I bid you for-
 ‘ get me, I mean only as a Lover; but
 ‘ the best of Friends you shall ever
 ‘ find in

Your faithful, tho’ unhappy

J. N.

When *Jones* had read this Letter, they
 both stood silent during a Minute, look-
 ing at each other; at last he began thus:
 ‘ I cannot express, Madam, how much I
 ‘ am shocked at what I have read; yet let
 ‘ me beg you, in one Particular, to take
 ‘ the Writer’s Advice. Consider the Re-
 ‘ putation of your Daughter,’—‘ It is gone,
 ‘ it is lost, Mr. *Jones*, cry’d she, as well as her
 ‘ Innocence. She received the Letter in a
 ‘ Room-full of Company, and immediate-
 ‘ ly swooning away upon opening it, the
 ‘ Contents were known to every one pre-
 ‘ sent. But the Loss of her Reputation,
 ‘ bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose
 ‘ my Child; she hath attempted twice to
 ‘ destroy herself already: And though she
 ‘ hath been hitherto prevented, vows she

‘ will not out-live it ; nor could I myself
‘ out-live any Accident of that Nature.—
‘ —What then will become of my little
‘ *Betsy*, a helpless, infant Orphan ? And
‘ the poor, little Wretch will, I believe,
‘ break her Heart at the Miseries with which
‘ she sees her Sister and myself distracted,
‘ while she is ignorant of the Cause.—O
‘ ’tis the most sensible, and the best-na-
‘ tured little Thing. The barbarous cruel
‘ —hath destroyed us all. O my poor
‘ Children ! Is this the Reward of all my
‘ Cares ? Is this the Fruit of all my
‘ Prospects ? Have I so cheerfully under-
‘ gone all the Labours and Duties of
‘ a Mother ? Have I been so tender of
‘ their Infancy, so careful of their Educa-
‘ tion ? Have I been toiling so many Years,
‘ denying myself even the Conveniencies of
‘ Life to provide some little Sustenance
‘ for them, to lose one or both in such a Man-
‘ ner ?’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said *Jones*, with
‘ Tears in his Eyes, ‘ I pity you from my
‘ Soul.’——‘ O Mr. *Jones*,’ answered she,
‘ even you, though I know the Goodness
‘ of your Heart, can have no Idea of
‘ what I feel. The best, the kindest, the
‘ most dutiful of Children. O my poor
‘ *Nancy*, the Darling of my Soul ; the De-
‘ light of my Eyes ; the Pride of my
‘ Heart :

‘ Heart : Too much, indeed, my Pride ;
 ‘ for to those foolish, ambitious Hopes, a-
 ‘ rising from her Beauty, I owe her Ruin.
 ‘ Alas ! I saw with Pleasure the Liking
 ‘ which this young Man had for her.
 ‘ I thought it an honourable Affection ;
 ‘ and flattered my foolish Vanity with
 ‘ the Thoughts of seeing her married
 ‘ to one so much her superior. And a
 ‘ thousand Times in my Presence, nay, of-
 ‘ ten in yours, he hath endeavoured to
 ‘ sooth and encourage these Hopes by the
 ‘ most generous Expressions of disinterested
 ‘ Love, which he hath always directed to
 ‘ my poor Girl, and which I, as well as
 ‘ she, believed to be real. Could I have
 ‘ believed that these were only Snares laid
 ‘ to betray the Innocence of my Child,
 ‘ and for the Ruin of us all ?’——At
 these Words little *Betsy* came running in-
 to the Room, crying, ‘ Dear Mamma,
 ‘ for Heaven’s Sake come to my Sister,
 ‘ for she is in another Fit, and my Cousin
 ‘ can’t hold her.’ Mrs. *Miller* immedi-
 ately obeyed the Summons ; but first or-
 dered *Betsy* to stay with Mr. *Jones*, and
 begged him to entertain her a few Mi-
 nutes, saying, in the most pathetic Voice,
 ‘ Good Heaven ! let me preserve one of my
 ‘ Children at least.’

Jones,

Jones, in Compliance with this Request, did all he could to comfort the little Girl, though he was, in Reality, himself very highly affected with *Mrs. Miller's* Story. He told her, ' her Sister would be very well again soon : That by taking on in that Manner, she would not only make her Sister worse, but make her Mother ill too.' ' Indeed, Sir,' says she, ' I would not do any Thing to hurt them for the World. I would burst my Heart, rather than they should see me cry.—But my poor Sister can't see me cry.---I am afraid she will never be able to see me cry any more. Indeed, I can't part with her ; indeed I can't.----And then poor Mamma too, what will become of her ? ———She says she will die too, and leave me ; but I am resolved I won't be left behind.' ' And are you not afraid to die, my little *Betsy* ?' said *Jones*. ' Yes,' answered she, ' I was always afraid to die ; because I must have left my Mamma, and my Sister ; but I am not afraid of going any where with those I love.'

Jones was so pleased with this Answer, that he eagerly kissed the Child ; and soon after

after Mrs. *Miller* returned, saying, ‘ She
 ‘ thanked Heaven *Nancy* was now come to
 ‘ herself. And now, *Betsy*,’ says she, ‘ you
 ‘ may go in, for your Sister is better, and
 ‘ longs to see you.’ She then turned to
Jones, and began to renew her Apologies
 for having disappointed him of his Break-
 fast.

‘ I hope, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I shall
 ‘ have a more exquisite Repast than any
 ‘ you could have provided for me. This,
 ‘ I assure you, will be the Case, if I can do
 ‘ any Service to this little Family of Love.
 ‘ But whatever Success may attend my En-
 ‘ deavours, I am resolved to attempt it. I
 ‘ am very much deceived in Mr. *Nightin-*
 ‘ *gale*, if, notwithstanding what hath hap-
 ‘ pened, he hath not much Goodness of
 ‘ Heart at the Bottom, as well as a very
 ‘ violent Affection for your Daughter. If
 ‘ this be the Case, I think the Picture which
 ‘ I shall lay before him, will affect him.
 ‘ Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourself
 ‘ and Miss *Nancy*, as well as you can. I
 ‘ will go instantly in quest of Mr. *Nightin-*
 ‘ *gale* ; and I hope to bring you good
 ‘ News.’

Mrs.

Mrs. *Miller* fell upon her Knees, and invoked all the Blessings of Heaven upon Mr. *Jones*; to which she afterwards added the most passionate Expressions of Gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. *Nightingale*, and the good Woman returned to comfort her Daughter, who was somewhat cheared at what her Mother told her; and both joined in resounding the Praises of Mr. *Jones*.

C H A P. VII.

The Interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE Good or Evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as Men of a benign Disposition enjoy their own Acts of Beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any Natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing Injuries, without paying themselves some Pangs, for the Ruin which they bring on their Fellow-Creatures.

Mr. *Nightingale*, at least, was not such a Person. On the contrary, *Jones* found him
in

in his new Lodgings, sitting melancholy by the Fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy Situation in which he had placed poor *Nancy*. He no sooner saw his Friend appear, than he rose hastily to meet him; and after much Congratulation said, ‘ Nothing could have been more opportune than this kind Visit; for I was never more in the Spleen in my Life.’

‘ I am sorry,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ that I bring News very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am convinced must, of all other, shock you the most. However, it is necessary you should know it. Without further Preface then, I come to you, Mr. *Nightingale*, from a worthy Family, which you have involved in Misery and Ruin.’ Mr. *Nightingale* changed Colour at these Words; but *Jones*, without regarding it, proceeded, in the liveliest Manner, to paint the tragical Story, with which the Reader was acquainted in the last Chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the Narration, though he discovered violent Emotions at many Parts of it. But when it was concluded, after fetching a deep Sigh,
he

he said, ‘ What you tell me, my Friend,
‘ affects me in the tenderest Manner. Sure
‘ there never was so cursed an Accident as
‘ the poor Girl’s betraying my Letter. Her
‘ Reputation might otherwise have been
‘ safe, and the Affair might have remained
‘ a profound Secret; and then the Girl
‘ might have gone off never the worse;
‘ for many such Things happen in this
‘ Town; and if the Husband should sus-
‘ pect a little, when it is too late, it
‘ will be his wiser Conduct to conceal
‘ his Suspicion both from his Wife and
‘ the World.’

‘ Indeed, my Friend,’ answered *Jones*,
‘ this could not have been the Case with
‘ your poor *Nancy*. You have so entirely
‘ gained her Affections, that it is the Loss
‘ of you, and not of her Reputation, which
‘ afflicts her, and will end in the Destruc-
‘ tion of her and her Family.’ ‘ Nay, for
‘ that Matter, I promise you,’ cries *Night-*
gale, ‘ she hath my Affections so absolute-
‘ ly, that my Wife, whoever she is to be,
‘ will have very little Share in them.’
‘ And is it possible then,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you
‘ can think of deserting her?’ ‘ Why
‘ what can I do?’ answered the other.
‘ Ask

‘ Ask Miss *Nancy* ;’ replied *Jones* warmly.
 ‘ In the Condition to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought to determine what Reparation you shall make her.
 ‘ Her Interest alone, and not yours, ought to be your sole Consideration. But if you ask me what you shall do ; what can you do less,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ than fulfil the Expectations of her Family, and her own.
 ‘ Nay, and I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever since I first saw you together. You will pardon me, if I presume on the Friendship you have favoured me with, moved as I am with Compassion for those poor Creatures. But your own Heart will best suggest to you, whether you have never intended, by your Conduct, to persuade the Mother, as well as the Daughter, into an Opinion, that you designed honourably : And if so, though there may have been no direct Promise of Marriage in the Case, I will leave to your own good Understanding, how far you are bound to proceed.’

‘ Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted,’ said *Nightingale* ; ‘ but I am afraid even that very Promise you
 ‘ men-

‘ mention I have given.’ ‘ And can you,
‘ after owning that,’ said *Jones*, ‘ hesitate
‘ a Moment?’ ‘ Consider, my Friend,’
answered the other; ‘ I know you are a
‘ Man of Honour, and would advise no
‘ one to act contrary to its Rules; if there
‘ were no other Objection, can I, after
‘ this Publication of her Disgrace, think of
‘ such an Alliance with Honour?’ ‘ Un-
‘ doubtedly,’ replied *Jones*; ‘ and the very
‘ best and truest Honour, which is Good-
‘ ness, requires it of you. As you mention a
‘ Scruple of this Kind, you will give me
‘ Leave to examine it. Can you, with Ho-
‘ nour, be guilty of having, under false Pre-
‘ tences, deceived a young Woman and her
‘ Family, and of having, by these Means,
‘ treacherously robbed her of her Innocence?
‘ Can you, with Honour, be the knowing,
‘ the wilful, nay, I must add, the artful Con-
‘ triver of the Ruin of a Human Being?
‘ Can you, with Honour, destroy the Fame,
‘ the Peace, nay, probably, both the Life
‘ and Soul too of this Creature? Can Ho-
‘ nour bear the Thought, that this Crea-
‘ ture is a tender, helpless, defenceless
‘ young Woman? A young Woman who
‘ loves, who doats on you, who dies for
‘ you; who hath placed the utmost Confi-
‘ dence in your Promises; and to that Con-
‘ fidence

‘ fidence hath sacrificed every Thing which
 ‘ is dear to her ? Can Honour support such
 ‘ Contemplations as these a Moment ?’

‘ Common Sense, indeed,’ said *Nightin-
 gale*, ‘ warrants all you say ; but yet you
 ‘ well know the Opinion of the World is
 ‘ so much the contrary, that was I to mar-
 ‘ ry a Whore, tho’ my own, I should be
 ‘ ashamed of ever showing my Face a-
 ‘ gain.’

‘ Fie upon it, Mr. *Nightingale*,’ said
Jones, ‘ do not call her by so ungenerous a
 ‘ Name : When you promised to marry
 ‘ her, she became your Wife, and she hath
 ‘ sinned more against Prudence than Vir-
 ‘ tue. And what is this World, which
 ‘ you would be ashamed to face, but the
 ‘ Vile, the Foolish, and the Profligate ?
 ‘ Forgive me, if I say such a Shame must
 ‘ proceed from false Modesty, which al-
 ‘ ways attends false Honour as its Sha-
 ‘ dow.—But I am well assured there is
 ‘ not a Man of real Sense and Goodness in
 ‘ the World, who would not honour and
 ‘ applaud the Action. But admit no other
 ‘ would, would not your own Heart,
 ‘ my Friend, applaud it ? And do not the
 ‘ warm, rapturous Sensations, which we
 ‘ feel from the Consciousness of an honest,
 ‘ noble,

‘ noble, generous, benevolent Action, convey more Delight to the Mind, than
‘ the undeserved Praise of Millions? Set
‘ the Alternative fairly before your Eyes.
‘ On the one Side, see this poor, unhappy,
‘ tender, believing Girl, in the Arms of her
‘ wretched Mother, breathing her last. Hear
‘ her breaking Heart in Agonies sighing
‘ out your Name; and lamenting, rather
‘ than accusing, the Cruelty which weighs
‘ her down to Destruction. Paint to your
‘ Imagination the Circumstances of her fond,
‘ despairing Parent, driven to Madness, or,
‘ perhaps, to Death, by the Loss of her
‘ lovely Daughter. View the poor, helpless,
‘ Orphan-Infant: And when your
‘ Mind hath dwelt a Moment only on such
‘ Ideas, consider yourself as the Cause of
‘ all; the Ruin of this poor, little, worthy,
‘ defenceless Family. On the other
‘ Side, consider yourself as relieving them
‘ from their temporary Sufferings. Think
‘ with what Joy, with what Transports, that
‘ lovely Creature will fly to your Arms.
‘ See her Blood returning to her pale
‘ Cheeks, her Fire to her languid Eyes,
‘ and Raptures to her tortured Breast.
‘ Consider the Exultations of her Mother,
‘ the Happiness of all. Think of this little
‘ Family made, by one Act of yours,
‘ com-

‘ completely happy. Think of this Alter-
 ‘ native, and sure I am mistaken in my
 ‘ Friend, if it requires any long Delibera-
 ‘ ration, whether he will sink these Wretches
 ‘ down for ever, or, by one generous, no-
 ‘ ble Resolution, raise them all from the
 ‘ Brink of Misery and Despair, to the
 ‘ highest Pitch of human Happiness. Add
 ‘ to this but one Consideration more ; the
 ‘ Consideration that it is your Duty so to
 ‘ do——That the Misery from which you
 ‘ will relieve these poor People, is the Mi-
 ‘ sery which you yourself have wilfully
 ‘ brought upon them.’

‘ O my dear Friend,’ cries *Nightingale*,
 ‘ I wanted not your Eloquence to rouse
 ‘ me. I pity poor *Nancy* from my Soul,
 ‘ and would willingly give any Thing in
 ‘ my Power, that no Familiarities had ever
 ‘ passed between us. Nay, believe me, I
 ‘ had many Struggles with my Passion,
 ‘ before I could prevail with myself to
 ‘ write that cruel Letter, which hath caused
 ‘ all the Misery in that unhappy Family.
 ‘ If I had no Inclinations to consult but
 ‘ my own, I would marry her Tomorrow
 ‘ Morning ; I would, by Heaven ; but you
 ‘ will easily imagine how impossible it would
 ‘ be to prevail on my Father to consent to
 ‘ such

‘ such a Match ; besides, he hath provided
‘ another for me ; and Tomorrow, by his
‘ express Command, I am to wait on the
‘ Lady.’

‘ I have not the Honour to know your
‘ Father,’ said *Jones* ; but suppose he could
‘ be persuaded, would you yourself consent to
‘ the only Means of preserving these poor
‘ People ?’ ‘ As eagerly as I would pur-
‘ sue my Happiness,’ answered *Nightin-
gale* ; ‘ for I never shall find it in any other
‘ Woman.—O my dear Friend, could
‘ you imagine what I have felt within these
‘ twelve Hours for my poor Girl, I am
‘ convinced she would not engross all
‘ your Pity. Passion leads me only to
‘ her ; and if I had any foolish Scruples
‘ of Honour, you have fully satisfied them :
‘ Could my Father be induced to comply
‘ with my Desires, nothing would be want-
‘ ing to compleat my own Happiness, or
‘ that of my *Nancy*.’

‘ Then I am resolved to undertake it,’
said *Jones*. ‘ You must not be angry with
‘ me, in whatever Light it may be necessa-
‘ ry to set this Affair, which, you may de-
‘ pend on it, could not otherwise be long
‘ hid from him ; for Things of this Na-
‘ ture

' ture make a quick Progress, when once
 ' they get abroad, as this unhappily hath
 ' already. Besides, should any fatal Ac-
 ' cident follow, as upon my Soul I am a-
 ' fraid will, unless immediately prevented,
 ' the Public would ring of your Name,
 ' in a Manner which, if your Father hath
 ' common Humanity, must offend him.
 ' If you will therefore tell me where I may
 ' find the old Gentleman, I will not lose
 ' a Moment in the Business; which while
 ' I pursue, you cannot do a more generous
 ' Action, than by paying a Visit to the
 ' poor Girl. You will find I have not
 ' exaggerated in the Account I have given
 ' of the Wretchedness of the Family.

Nightingale immediately consented to the
 Proposal; and now having acquainted *Jones*
 with his Father's Lodging, and the Coffee-
 house where he would most probably find
 him, he hesitated a Moment, and then said,
 ' My dear *Tom*, you are going to under-
 ' take an Impossibility. If you knew my
 ' Father, you would never think of obtain-
 ' ing his Consent.—Stay, there is one
 ' Way——Suppose you told him I was
 ' already married, it might be easier to re-
 ' concile him to the Fact after it was done;
 VOL. V. I ' and

‘ and, upon my Honour, I am so affected
 ‘ with what you have said, and I love my
 ‘ *Nancy* so passionately, I almost wish it was
 ‘ done, whatever might be the Consequence.

Jones greatly approved the Hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, *Nightingale* to visit his *Nancy*, and *Jones* in quest of the old Gentleman.

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale, with the Arrival of a Person not yet mentioned in this History.

NOtwithstanding the Sentiment of the *Roman Satyr*ist, which denies the Divinity of Fortune ; and the Opinion of *Seneca* to the same Purpose ; *Cicero*, who was, I believe, a wiser Man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary ; and certain it is there are some Incidents in Life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human Skill and Foresight in producing them.

Of this Kind was what now happened to *Jones*, who found *Mr. Nightingale* the elder

Ch.
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der in so critical a Minute, that Fortune, if she was really worthy all the Worship she received at *Rome*, could not have contrived such another. In short the old Gentleman and the Father of the young Lady whom he intended for his Son, had been hard at it for many Hours ; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the Thoughts that he had succeeded in a long Contention which had been between the two Fathers of the future Bride and Bridegroom ; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as not rarely happens in such Cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the Victory.

This Gentleman whom Mr. *Jones* now visited, was what they call a Man of the World, that is to say, a Man who directs his Conduct in this World, as one who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early Years he had been bred to Trade, but having acquired a very good Fortune, he had lately declined his Business ; or to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in Goods to dealing only in Money, of which he had always a plentiful Fund at Command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful Advantage ; some-

times of the Necessities of private Men, and sometimes of those of the Public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with Money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really existed in the World; this at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real Value.

The Reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper Person for Mr. *Jones* to attack with any Probability of Success, nor could the whimsical Lady have directed this Attack at a more unseasonable Time.

As Money then was always uppermost in this Gentleman's Thoughts, so the Moment he saw a Stranger within his Doors, it immediately occurred to his Imagination, that such Stranger was either come to bring him Money, or to fetch it from him. And according as one or other of these Thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable Idea of the Person who approached him.

Unluckily for *Jones*, the latter of these was the Ascendant at present; for as a young Gentleman had visited him the Day before,

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before, with a Bill from his Son for a Play Debt, he apprehended at the first Sight of *Jones*, that he was come on such another Errand. *Jones* therefore had no sooner told him that he was come on his Son's Account, than the old Gentleman, being confirmed in his Suspicion, burst forth into an Exclamation, ' That he would lose his ' Labour.' ' Is it then possible, Sir, answered ' *Jones*, that you can guess my Business?' ' If I do guess it, replied the other, I repeat again to you, you will lose your ' Labour. What, I suppose you are one ' of those Sparks who lead my Son into ' all those Scenes of Riot and Debauchery, ' which will be his Destruction; but I shall ' pay no more of his Bills I promise you. ' I expect he will quit all such Company for ' the future. If I had imagined otherwise I ' should not have provided a Wife for him; ' for I would be instrumental in the Ruin ' of no Body.' ' How, Sir, said *Jones*, ' and was this Lady of your providing?' ' Pray, Sir, answered the old Gentleman, how ' comes it to be any Concern of yours?' ' —Nay, dear Sir, replied *Jones*, be not ' offended that I interest myself in what ' regards your Son's Happiness, for whom ' I have so great an Honour and Value. ' It was upon that very Account I came to

‘ wait upon you. I can’t express the Satisfaction you have given me by what you say ; for I do assure you your Son is a Person for whom I have the highest Honour.— Nay, Sir, it is not easy to express the Esteem I have for you, who could be so generous, so good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a Match for your Son ; a Woman who, I dare swear, will make him one of the happiest Men upon Earth.’

There is scarce any thing which so happily introduces Men to our good Liking, as having conceived some Alarm at their first Appearance ; when once those Apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the Fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present Ease, to those very Persons who at first rais’d our Fears.

Thus it happened to *Nightingale*, who no sooner found that *Jones* had no Demand on him, as he suspected, then he began to be pleased with his Presence. ‘ Pray, good Sir, said he, be pleased to sit down. I do not remember to have ever had the Pleasure of seeing you before ; but if you are a Friend of my Son, and have any thing to say concerning this young Lady, I shall be
‘ glad

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' glad to hear you. As to her making
 ' him happy, it will be his own Fault if
 ' she doth not. I have discharged my Du-
 ' ty, in taking Care of the main Article.
 ' She will bring him a Fortune capable of
 ' making any reasonable, prudent, sober
 ' Man happy.' ' Undoubtedly, cries *Jones*,
 ' for she is in herself a Fortune ; so beauti-
 ' ful, so genteel, so sweet-tempered, and so
 ' well educated ; she is indeed a most ac-
 ' complished young Lady ; sings admirably
 ' well, and hath a most delicate Hand at
 ' the Harpsichord.' ' I did not know any
 ' of these Matters, answered the old Gen-
 ' tleman, for I never saw the Lady ; but
 ' I do not like her the worse for what you
 ' tell me ; and I am the better pleased with
 ' her Father for not laying any Stress on
 ' these Qualifications in our Bargain. I
 ' shall always think it a Proof of his Un-
 ' derstanding. A silly Fellow would have
 ' brought in these Articles as an Addition
 ' to her Fortune ; but to give him his due,
 ' he never mentioned any such Matter ;
 ' though to be sure they are no Disparage-
 ' ments to a Woman.' ' I do assure you,
 ' Sir, cries *Jones*, she hath them all in the
 ' most eminent Degree : For my Part I
 ' own I was afraid you might have been a
 ' little backward, a little less inclined to the

‘ Match: For your Son told me you had
 ‘ never seen the Lady, therefore I came,
 ‘ Sir, in that Case, to entreat you, to con-
 ‘ jure you, as you value the Happiness of
 ‘ your Son, not to be averse to his Match
 ‘ with a Woman who hath not only all the
 ‘ good Qualities I have mentioned, but
 ‘ many more.’ — ‘ If that was your Business,
 ‘ Sir, said the old Gentleman, we are both
 ‘ obliged to you; and you may be perfectly
 ‘ easy, for I give you my Word I was very
 ‘ well satisfied with her Fortune.’ ‘ Sir, an-
 ‘ swered *Jones*, I honour you every Moment
 ‘ more and more. To be so easily satisfied,
 ‘ so very moderate on that Account, is a
 ‘ Proof of the Soundness of your Understand-
 ‘ ing, as well as the Nobleness of your Mind.’
 — ‘ Not so very moderate, young Gentle-
 ‘ man, not so very moderate, answered the
 ‘ Father. — ‘ Still more and more noble, re-
 ‘ plied *Jones*, and give me Leave to add sensi-
 ‘ ble: For sure it is little less than Madness
 ‘ to consider Money as the sole Foundation
 ‘ of Happiness. Such a Woman as this
 ‘ with her little, her nothing of a Fortune.’ —
 ‘ I find, cries the old Gentleman, you have
 ‘ a pretty just Opinion of Money, my
 ‘ Friend, or else you are better acquainted
 ‘ with the Person of the Lady than with
 ‘ her Circumstances. Why pray, what For-
 ‘ tune

‘ tune do you imagine this Lady to have?’ —
 ‘ What Fortune? cries *Jones*, why too con-
 ‘ temptible a one to be named for your
 ‘ Son. Well, well, well, said the other, per-
 ‘ haps he might have done better.’ — ‘ That
 ‘ I deny, said *Jones*, for she is one of the
 ‘ best of Women.’ ‘ Ay, ay, but in Point
 ‘ of Fortune I mean ——— answered the o-
 ‘ ther. ——— And yet as to that now, how
 ‘ much do you imagine your Friend is to
 ‘ have?’ ——— ‘ How much, cries *Jones*,
 ‘ how much! ——— Why at the utmost,
 ‘ perhaps, 200 l.’ ‘ Do you mean to ban-
 ‘ ter me, young Gentleman? said the Fa-
 ‘ ther a little angry.’ — ‘ No, upon my
 ‘ Soul, answered *Jones*, I am in Earnest,
 ‘ nay I believe I have gone to the utmost
 ‘ Farthing. If I do the Lady an Injury, I
 ‘ ask her Pardon.’ ‘ Indeed you do, cries
 ‘ the Father. I am certain she hath fifty
 ‘ Times that Sum, and she shall produce
 ‘ fifty to that before I consent that she
 ‘ shall marry my Son.’ ‘ Nay, said *Jones*,
 ‘ it is too late to talk of Consent now —
 ‘ If she hath not fifty Farthings your Son
 ‘ is married.’ ——— ‘ My Son married! an-
 ‘ swered the old Gentleman with Surprise.’
 ‘ Nay, said *Jones*, I thought you was un-
 ‘ acquainted with it.’ ——— ‘ My Son mar-
 ‘ ried to Miss *Harris*! answered he again.’

‘ —To Miss *Harris*! Said *Jones*, no Sir, to
‘ Miss *Nancy Miller*, the Daughter of Mrs.
‘ *Miller*, at whose House he lodged; a
‘ young Lady, who, though her Mother
‘ is reduced to let Lodgings’ — ‘ Are
‘ you bantering, or are you in Earnest?
‘ cries the Father with a most solemn
‘ Voice.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir, answered *Jones*, I scorn
‘ the Character of a Banterer. I came to
‘ you in most serious Earnest, imagining,
‘ as I find true, that your Son had never
‘ dared acquaint you with a Match so much
‘ inferior to him in Point of Fortune, tho’
‘ the Reputation of the Lady will suffer it
‘ no longer to remain a Secret.’

While the Father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this News, a Gentleman came into the Room, and saluted him by the Name of Brother.

But though these two were in Consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their Dispositions almost the opposites to each other. The Brother who now arrived had likewise been bred to Trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000 *l.* than he purchased a small Estate with the greatest Part of it, and retired into the Country; where he married the Daughter of an unbeneficed

beneficed Clergyman; a young Lady who, though she had neither Beauty nor Fortune, had recommended herself to his Choice, entirely by her good Humour, of which she possessed a very immoderate Share.

With this Woman he had, during twenty-five Years, lived a Life more resembling the Model which certain Poets ascribe to the Golden Age, than any of those Patterns which are furnished by the present Times. By her he had four Children, but none of them arrived at Maturity except only one Daughter, whom in vulgar Language he and his Wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost Tendernefs and Fondnefs; which she returned to such a Degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary Match with a Gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her Parents.

The young Lady whom Mr. *Nightingale* had intended for his Son was a near Neighbour of his Brother, and an Acquaintance of his Niece; and in reality it was upon the Account of this projected Match, that he was now come to Town; not in-

deed to forward, but to dissuade his Brother from a Purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his Nephew; for he foresaw no other Event, from a Union with Miss *Harris*, notwithstanding the Largeness of her Fortune, as neither her Person nor Mind seemed to him to promise any Kind of matrimonial Felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His Brother therefore no sooner mentioned the Marriage of his Nephew with Miss *Miller*, than he expressed the utmost Satisfaction; and when the Father had very bitterly reviled his Son, and pronounced Sentence of Beggary upon him, the Uncle began in the following Manner:

‘ If you was a little cooler, Brother, I
‘ would ask you whether you love your
‘ Son for his Sake, or for your own. You
‘ would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose
‘ you think, for his Sake; and doubtless it
‘ is his Happiness which you intended in
‘ the Marriage you proposed for him.

‘ Now, Brother, to prescribe Rules of
‘ Happiness to others, hath always appear-
‘ ed to me very absurd, and to insist on
doing

doing this very tyrannical. It is a vulgar Error I know ; but it is nevertheless an Error. And if this be absurd in other Things, it is mostly so in the Affair of Marriage, the Happiness of which depends entirely in the Affection which subsists between the Parties.

‘ I have therefore always thought it unreasonable in Parents to desire to chuse for their Children on this Occasion, since to force Affection is an impossible Attempt; nay, so much doth Love abhor Force, that I know not whether through an unfortunate but incurable Perverseness in our Natures, it may not be even impatient of Persuasion.

‘ It is, however, true, that though a
‘ Parent will not, I think, wisely prescribe,
‘ he ought to be consulted on this Occasi-
‘ on, and in Strictness perhaps should at
‘ least have a negative Voice. My Ne-
‘ phew therefore, I own, in marrying with-
‘ out asking your Advice, hath been guilt-
‘ ty of a Fault. But honestly speaking,
‘ Brother, have you not a little promoted
‘ this Fault? Have not your frequent De-
‘ clarations on this Subject, given him a
‘ moral Certainty of your Refusal, where
‘ there

' there was any Deficiency in Point of
 ' Fortune? nay, doth not your present An-
 ' ger arise solely from that Deficiency? And
 ' if he hath failed in his Duty here, did
 ' not you as much exceed that Authority,
 ' when you absolutely bargained with him,
 ' for a Woman without his Knowledge,
 ' whom you yourself never saw, and whom
 ' if you had seen and known as well as I,
 ' it must have been Madness in you, to
 ' have ever thought of bringing into your
 ' Family.

' Still I own my Nephew in a Fault;
 ' but surely it is not an unpardonable Fault.
 ' He hath acted indeed without your Con-
 ' sent, in a Matter in which he ought to
 ' have asked it; but it is in a Matter in
 ' which his Interest is principally concern-
 ' ed; you yourself must and will acknow-
 ' ledge, that you consulted his Interest on-
 ' ly, and if he unfortunately differed from
 ' you, and hath been mistaken in his No-
 ' tion of Happiness, will you, Brother, if
 ' you love your Son, carry him still wider
 ' from the Point? Will you encrease the
 ' ill Consequences of his simple Choice?
 ' Will you endeavour to make an Event
 ' certain Misery to him, which may acci-
 ' dentally prove so? In a Word, Brother,
 ' because

‘ because he hath put it out of your Pow-
 ‘ er to make his Circumstances as affluent
 ‘ as you would, will you distress them as
 ‘ much as you can?’

By the Force of the true Catholic Faith,
 St. *Anthony* won upon the Fishes. *Orpheus*
 and *Amphion* went a little farther, and by
 the Charms of Music enchanted Things
 merely inanimate. Wonderful both! But
 neither History nor Fable have ever yet
 ventured to record an Instance of any one,
 who by Force of Argument and Reason
 hath triumphed over habitual Avarice.

Mr. *Nightingale*, the Father, instead of
 attempting to answer his Brother, content-
 ed himself with only observing, that they
 had always differed in their Sentiments con-
 cerning the Education of their Children.
 ‘ I wish, said he, Brother, you would have
 ‘ confined your Care to your own Daugh-
 ‘ ter, and never have troubled yourself
 ‘ with my Son, who hath, I believe, as
 ‘ little profited by your Precepts, as by
 ‘ your Example:’ For young *Nightingale*
 was his Uncle’s Godson, and had lived
 more with him than with his Father. So
 that the Uncle had often declared, he lov-
 ed his Nephew almost equally with his own
 Child.

Jones

Jones fell into Raptures with this good Gentleman ; and when after much Persuasion, they found the Father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, *Jones* conducted the Uncle to his Nephew at the House of Mrs. *Miller*.

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange Matters.

AT his Return to his Lodgings, *Jones* found the Situation of Affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his Departure. The Mother, the two Daughters and young Mr. *Nightingale* were now sat down to Supper together, when the Uncle was, at his own Desire, introduced without any Ceremony into the Company, to all of whom he was well known ; for he had several Times visited his Nephew at that House.

The old Gentleman immediately walked up to Miss *Nancy*, saluted and wished her Joy, as he did afterwards the Mother and the other Sister ; and lastly, he paid the proper Compliments to his Nephew, with the

the same good Humour and Curtesy, as if his Nephew had married his equal or superior in Fortune, with all the previous Requisites first performed.

Miss *Nancy* and her supposed Husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise upon the Occasion ; but Mrs. *Miller* took the first Opportunity of withdrawing ; and having sent for *Jones* into the Dining Room, she threw herself at his Feet, and in a most passionate Flood of Tears, called him her good Angel, the Preserver of her poor little Family, with many other respectful and endearing Appellations, and made him every Acknowledgment which the highest Benefit can extract from the most grateful Hearts.

After the first Gust of her Passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. *Jones*, that all Matters were settled between Mr. *Nightingale* and her Daughter, and that they were to be married the next Morning : At which Mr. *Jones* having exprest much Pleasure, the poor Woman fell again into a Fit of Joy and Thanksgiving, which he at length with Difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her

her to return with him back to the Company, whom they found in the same good Humour in which they had left them.

This little Society now past two or three very agreeable Hours together, in which the Uncle, who was a very great Lover of his Bottle, had so well ply'd his Nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. *Nightingale* taking the old Gentleman with him up Stairs into the Apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows.

‘ As you have been always the best and kindest of Uncles to me, and as you have shewn such unparalelled Goodness in forgiving this Match, which to be sure may be thought a little improvident; I should never forgive myself if I attempted to deceive you in any thing.’ He then confessed the Truth, and opened the whole Affair.

‘ How, *Jack*! said the old Gentleman, and are you really then not married to this young Woman?’ ‘ No, upon my Honour, answered *Nightingale*, I have told you the simple Truth.’ My dear
‘ Boy,

‘ Boy, cries the Uncle, kissing him, I am
 ‘ heartily glad to hear it. I never was bet-
 ‘ ter pleased in my Life. If you had been
 ‘ married, I should have assisted you as
 ‘ much as was in my Power, to have made
 ‘ the best of a bad Matter; but there is a
 ‘ great Difference between considering a
 ‘ Thing which is already done and irrec-
 ‘ verable, and that which is yet to do. Let
 ‘ your Reason have fair Play, *Jack*, and
 ‘ you will see this Match in so foolish and
 ‘ preposterous a Light, that there will be
 ‘ no Need of any dissuasive Arguments.’
 ‘ How, Sir! replies young *Nightingale*,
 ‘ is there this Difference between having
 ‘ already done an Act, and being in
 ‘ Honour engaged to do it?’ ‘ Pugh, said
 ‘ the Uncle, Honour is a Creature of the
 ‘ World’s making, and the World hath the
 ‘ Power of a Creator over it, and may go-
 ‘ vern and direct it as they please. Now
 ‘ you well know how trivial these Breach-
 ‘ es of Contract are thought; even the
 ‘ grossest make but the Wonder and Con-
 ‘ versation of a Day. Is there a Man who
 ‘ will be afterwards more backward in giv-
 ‘ ing you his Sister or Daughter? Or is
 ‘ there any Sister or Daughter who would
 ‘ be more backward to receive you? Ho-
 ‘ nour is not concerned in these Engage-
 ‘ ments.’ Pardon me, dear Sir, cries

‘ *Night-*

‘ *Nightingale*, I can never think so; and
‘ not only Honour, but Conscience and
‘ Humanity are concerned. I am well sa-
‘ tisfied, that was I now to disappoint the
‘ young Creature, her Death would be the
‘ Consequence, and I should look on my-
‘ self as her Murderer; nay, as her Mur-
‘ derer by the cruellest of all Methods, by
‘ breaking her Heart.’ ‘ Break her Heart,
‘ indeed! no, no, *Jack*, cries the Uncle,
‘ the Hearts of Women are not so soon
‘ broke; they are tough, Boy, they are
‘ tough.’ ‘ But, Sir, answered *Nightin-*
‘ *gale*, my own Affections are engaged,
‘ and I never could be happy with any o-
‘ ther Woman. How often have I heard
‘ you say, that Children should be always
‘ suffered to chuse for themselves, and that
‘ you would let my Cousin *Harriet* do so!’
‘ Why ay, replied the old Gentleman, so
‘ I would have them; but then I would
‘ have them chuse wisely. — Indeed, *Jack*,
‘ you must and shall leave this Girl.’ —
‘ Indeed, Uncle, cries the other, I must
‘ and will have her.’ ‘ You will, young
‘ Gentleman? said the Uncle; I did not
‘ expect such a Word from you. I should
‘ not wonder if you had used such Lan-
‘ guage to your Father, who hath always
‘ treated you like a Dog, and kept you at
‘ the

‘ the Distance which a Tyrant preserves
 ‘ over his Subjects; but I who have lived
 ‘ with you upon an equal Footing, might
 ‘ surely expect better Usage: But I know
 ‘ how to account for it all; it is all owing
 ‘ to your preposterous Education, in which
 ‘ I have had too little Share. There is my
 ‘ Daughter now, whom I have brought up
 ‘ as my Friend, never doth any thing with-
 ‘ out my Advice, nor ever refuses to take
 ‘ it when I give it her. You have never
 ‘ yet given her Advice in an Affair of this
 ‘ Kind, said *Nightingale*, for I am greatly
 ‘ mistaken in my Cousin, if she would be
 ‘ very ready to obey even your most po-
 ‘ sitive Commands in abandoning her In-
 ‘ clinations.’ ‘ Don’t abuse my Girl, an-
 ‘ swered the old Gentleman with some E-
 ‘ motion; don’t abuse my *Harriet*. I have
 ‘ brought her up to have no Inclinations
 ‘ contrary to my own. By suffering her
 ‘ to do whatever she pleases, I have enured
 ‘ her to a Habit of being pleased to do
 ‘ whatever I like.’ ‘ Pardon me, Sir, said
 ‘ *Nightingale*, I have not the least Design
 ‘ to reflect on my Cousin, for whom I
 ‘ have the greatest Esteem; and indeed I
 ‘ am convinced you will never put her to
 ‘ so severe a Trial, or lay such hard Com-
 ‘ mands on her as you would do on me.

‘ ——— But, dear Sir, let us return to the
‘ Company; for they will begin to be un-
‘ easy at our long Absence. I must beg
‘ one Favour of my dear Uncle, which is
‘ that he would not say any thing to shock
‘ the poor Girl or her Mother.’ ‘ O you
‘ need not fear me, answered he, I under-
‘ stand myself too well to affront Women;
‘ so I will readily grant you that Favour;
‘ and in Return I must expect another
‘ of you.’ ‘ There are but few of your
‘ Commands, Sir, said *Nightingale*, which
‘ I shall not very chearfully obey.’ ‘ Nay,
‘ Sir, I ask nothing, said the Uncle, but
‘ the Honour of your Company home to
‘ my Lodging, that I may reason the Case
‘ a little more fully with you: For I would
‘ if possible have the Satisfaction of preserv-
‘ ing my Family, notwithstanding the
‘ headstrong Folly of my Brother, who,
‘ in his own Opinion, is the wisest Man
‘ in the World.’

Nightingale, who well knew his Uncle to be as headstrong as his Father, submitted to attend him Home, and then they both returned back into the Room, where the old Gentleman promised to carry himself with the same Decorum which he had before maintained.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

A short Chapter which concludes the Book.

THE long Absence of the Uncle and Nephew had occasioned some Disquiet in the Minds of all whom they had left behind them ; and the more, as during the preceding Dialogue, the Uncle had more than once elevated his Voice, so as to be heard down Stairs ; which, though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil foreboding in *Nancy* and her Mother, and indeed even in *Jones* himself.

When the good Company therefore again assembled, there was a visible Alteration in all their Faces ; and the good Humour which, at their last Meeting, universally shone forth in every Countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable Aspect. It was a Change indeed common enough to the Weather in this Climate, from Sunshine to Clouds, from *June* to *December*.

This

This Alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present ; for as every one was now endeavouring to conceal their own Thoughts, and to act a Part, they became all too busily engaged in the Scene to be Spectators of it. Thus neither the Uncle nor Nephew saw any Symptoms of Suspicion in the Mother or Daughter ; nor did the Mother or Daughter remark the over-acted Complaisance of the old Man, nor the counterfeit Satisfaction which grinned in the Features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole Attention of two Friends being engaged in the Part which each is to act, in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the Art practised against himself ; and thus the Thrust of both (to borrow no improper Metaphor on the Occasion) alike takes Place.

From the same Reason it is no unusual Thing for both Parties to be over-reached in a Bargain, though the one must be always the greater Loser ; as was he who sold a
blind

blind Horse, and received a bad Note in Payment.

Our Company in about half an Hour broke up, and the Uncle carried off his Nephew ; but not before the latter had assured Miss *Nancy*, in a Whisper, that he would attend her early in the Morning, and fulfil all his Engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this Scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very Fact ; for besides observing the great Alteration in the Behaviour of the Uncle, the Distance he assumed, and his overstrained Civility to Miss *Nancy*; the carrying off a Bridegroom from his Bride at that Time of Night, was so extraordinary a Proceeding, that it could be only accounted for, by imagining that young *Nightingale* had revealed the whole Truth, which the apparent Openness of his Temper, and his being flustered with Liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor People with his Suspicion, the Maid of the House informed him, that a Gentlewoman desired to speak with him. — He went

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immediately out, and taking the Candle from the Maid, ushered his Visitant up Stairs, who in the Person of Mrs. *Honour* acquainted him with such dreadful News concerning his *Sophia*, that he immediately lost all Consideration for every other Person; and his whole Stock of Compassion was entirely swallowed up in Reflections on his own Misery, and on that of his unfortunate Angel.

What this dreadful Matter was, the Reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding Steps which produced it, and those will be the Subject of the following Book.

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THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

*In which the History advances about two
Days.*

CHAP. I.

Too short to need a Prefate.

THESE are a Set of Religious, or
rather Moral Writers, who teach
that Virtue is the certain Road to
Happiness, and Vice to Misery in this
World. A very wholesome and comfortable
K 2 Doctrine,

Doctrine, and to which we have but one Objection, namely, That it is not true.

Indeed if by Virtue these Writers mean, the Exercise of those Cardinal Virtues, which like good House-wives stay at home, and mind only the Business of their own Family, I shall very readily concede the Point: For so surely do all these contribute and lead to Happiness, that I would almost wish, in Violation of all the antient and modern Sages, to call them rather by the Name of Wisdom, than by that of Virtue: For with regard to this Life, no System, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the antient *Epicureans*, who held this Wisdom to constitute the chief Good; nor foolisher than that of their Opposites, those modern *Epicures*, who place all Felicity in the abundant Gratification of every sensual Appetite.

But if by Virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative Quality, which is always busying itself without Doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the Good of others as its own; I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest way to human Happiness; because I am afraid we must then include Poverty and Contempt, with
the

all the Mischiefs which Backbiting, Envy, and Ingratitude can bring on Mankind in our Idea of Happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said Happiness to a Goal, since many by the above Virtue have brought themselves thither.

I have not now Leisure to enter upon so large a Field of Speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my Design was to wipe off a Doctrine that lay in my Way; since while Mr. *Jones* was acting the most virtuous Part imaginable in labouring to preserve his fellow Creatures from Destruction, the Devil, or some other evil Spirit, one perhaps cloathed in human Flesh, was hard at Work to make him completely miserable in the Ruin of his *Sophia*.

This therefore would seem an Exception to the above Rule, if indeed it was a Rule; but as we have in our Voyage through Life seen so many other Exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the Doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest Arguments that Reason

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alone can furnish for the Belief of Immor-
tality.

But as the Reader's Curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

C H A P. II.

*In which is opened a very black Design
against Sophia.*

I Remember a wise old Gentleman, who used to say, when Children are doing nothing, they are doing Mischief. I will not enlarge this quaint Saying to the most beautiful Part of the Creation in general ; but so far I may be allowed, that when the Effects of female Jealousy do not appear openly in their proper Colours of Rage and Fury, we may suspect that mischievous Passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above-ground.

This was exemplified in the Conduct of the Lady *Bellaſton*, who under all the Smiles which ſhe wore in her Countenance, concealed much Indignation againſt *Sophia* ;
and

and as she plainly saw that this young Lady stood between her and the full Indulgence of her Desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some Means or other; nor was it long before a very favourable Opportunity of accomplishing this, presented itself to her.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that when *Sophia* was thrown into that Consternation at the Play-house, by the Wit and Humour of a Set of young Gentlemen, who call themselves the Town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the Protection of a young Nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her Chair.

This Nobleman, who frequently visited Lady *Bellafton*, had more than once seen *Sophia* there, since her Arrival in Town, and had conceived a very great liking to her; which Liking, as Beauty never looks more amiable than in Distress, *Sophia* had in this Fright so encreased, that he might now without any great Impropriety be said to be actually in love with her.

It may easily be believed that he would not suffer so handsome an Occasion of im-

proving his Acquaintance with the beloved Object as now offered itself to elapse, when even Good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a Visit.

The next Morning therefore, after this Accident he waited on *Sophia*, with the usual Compliments and Hopes that she had received no Harm from her last Night's Adventure.

As Love, like Fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a Flame; *Sophia* in a very short time completed her Conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the Noble Lord had been two Hours in Company with the Lady, before it entered into his Head that he had made too long a Visit. Tho' this Circumstance alone would have alarmed *Sophia*, who was somewhat more a Mistress of Computation at present; she had indeed much more pregnant Evidence from the Eyes of her Lover of what past within his Bosom; nay, though he did not make any open Declaration of his Passion, yet many of his Expressions were rather too warm, and too tender to have been imputed to Complaisance, even in the Age when such Complaisance was in Fashion; the very Reverse of which

which is well known to be the reigning Mode at present.

Lady *Bellaſton* had been apprised of his Lordſhip's Viſit at his firſt Arrival ; and the Length of it very well ſatiſfied her that Things went as ſhe wiſhed, and as indeed ſhe had ſuſpected the ſecond time ſhe ſaw this young Couple together. This Buſineſs ſhe rightly, I think, concluded, that ſhe ſhould by no means forward by mixing in the Company while they were together ; ſhe therefore ordered her Servants, that when my Lord was going, they ſhould tell him, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him, and employed the intermediate Time in meditating how beſt to accompliſh a Scheme which ſhe made no doubt but his Lordſhip would very readily embrace the Execution of.

Lord *Fellamar* (for that was the Title of this young Nobleman) was no ſooner introduced to her Ladyſhip, than ſhe attacked him in the following Strain : ‘ Bleſs me, ‘ my Lord, are you here yet ? I thought ‘ my Servants had made a Miſtake and let ‘ you go away ; and I wanted to ſee you ‘ about an Affair of ſome Importance.’ — ‘ Indeed, Lady *Bellaſton*,’ ſaid he, ‘ I

‘ don’t wonder you are astonished at the Length of my Visit : For I have staid above two Hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.’ — ‘ What am I to conclude from thence, my Lord?’ said she, ‘ The Company must be very agreeable which can make Time slide away so very deceitfully.’ — ‘ Upon my Honour,’ said he, ‘ the most agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, Lady *Bellafton*, who is this blazing Star which you have produced among us all of a sudden?’ — ‘ What blazing Star, my Lord?’ said she, affecting a Surprise. — ‘ I mean,’ said he, ‘ the Lady I saw here the other Day, whom I had last Night in my Arms at the Play-House, and to whom I have been making that unreasonable Visit.’ — ‘ O my Cousin *Western*,’ said she, ‘ why that blazing Star, my Lord, is the Daughter of a Country Booby Squire, and hath been in Town about a fortnight, for the first Time.’ — ‘ Upon my Soul,’ said he, ‘ I should swear she had been bred in a Court; for besides her Beauty, I never saw any thing so genteel, so sensible, so polite.’ — ‘ O brave!’ cries the Lady, ‘ My Cousin hath you, I find.’ — ‘ Upon my Honour,’ answered he, ‘ I wish she had :

‘Lady *Bellaſton*,’ cries he, ‘you have struck a damp to my Heart which hath almost deprived me of Being.’ ‘Fie! my Lord,’ said she, ‘I should rather hope I had struck Fire into you. A Lover, and talk of Damps in your Heart! I rather imagined you would have asked your Rival’s Name, that you might have immediately entered the Lists with him.’ ‘I promise you, Madam,’ answered he, ‘there are very few Things I would not undertake for your charming Cousin; but pray who is this happy Man?’ — ‘Why he is,’ said she, ‘what I am sorry to say most happy Men with us are, one of the lowest Fellows in the World. He is a Beggar, a Bastard, a Foundling, a Fellow in meaner Circumstances than one of your Lordship’s Footmen.’ ‘And is it possible,’ cried he, ‘that a young Creature with such Perfections, should think of bestowing herself so unworthily?’ ‘Alas! my Lord,’ answered she, ‘consider the Country — the Bane of all young Women is the Country. There they learn a Set of romantic Notions of Love and I know not what Folly, which this Town and good Company can scarce eradicate in a whole Winter.’ ‘Indeed, Madam,’ replied my Lord, ‘your Cousin is of too
‘immense

‘ immense a Value to be thrown away :
 ‘ Such Ruin as this must be prevented.’
 ‘ Alas!’ cries she, ‘ my Lord, how can it
 ‘ be prevented? The Family have already
 ‘ done all in their Power ; but the Girl is,
 ‘ I think, intoxicated, and nothing less
 ‘ than Ruin will content her. And to deal
 ‘ more openly with you, I expect every
 ‘ Day to hear she is run away with him.’
 ‘ What you tell me, Lady *Bellafton*,’ an-
 swered his Lordship, ‘ affects me most
 ‘ tenderly, and only raises my Compas-
 ‘ sion instead of lessening my Adoration of
 ‘ your Cousin. Some Means must be found
 ‘ to preserve so inestimable a Jewel. Hath
 ‘ your Ladyship endeavoured to reason with
 ‘ her?’ Here the Lady affected a Laugh.
 and cried, ‘ My dear Lord, sure you
 ‘ know us better than to talk of reasoning
 ‘ a young Woman out of her Inclinations.
 ‘ These inestimable Jewels are as deaf as
 ‘ the Jewels they wear ; Time, my Lord,
 ‘ Time is the only Medicine to cure their
 ‘ Folly ; but this is a Medicine, which I
 ‘ am certain she will not take ; nay, I live
 ‘ in hourly Horrors on her Account. In
 ‘ short nothing but violent Methods will
 ‘ do.’ ‘ What is to be done?’ cries my
 Lord, ‘ what Methods are to be taken ?—
 ‘ Is there any Method upon Earth? —
 ‘ Oh

‘ Oh! Lady *Bellaſton* ! there is nothing which
‘ I would not undertake for ſuch a Reward.’
— ‘ I really know not,’ answered the Lady,
after a Pauſe, and then pausing again, ſhe
cried out, — ‘ Upon my Soul, I am at
‘ my Wit’s End on this Girl’s Account.—
‘ If ſhe can be preſerved, ſomething muſt
‘ be done immediately, and as I ſay, no-
‘ thing but violent Methods will do. —
‘ If your Lordſhip hath really this Attach-
‘ ment to my Couſin, (and to do her Juſ-
‘ tice, except in this ſilly Inclination, of
‘ which ſhe will ſoon ſee her Folly, ſhe is
‘ every way deſerving,) I think there may
‘ be one Way, indeed it is a very diſagree-
‘ able one, and what I am almoſt afraid to
‘ think of. — It requires great Spirit, I
‘ promiſe you.’ ‘ I am not conſcious, Ma-
‘ dam,’ ſaid he, ‘ of any Defect there, nor
‘ am I, I hope, ſuſpected of any ſuch. It
‘ muſt be an egregious Defect indeed,
‘ which could make me backward on this
‘ Occaſion.’ ‘ Nay, my Lord,’ answered
ſhe, ‘ I am far from doubting you. I am
‘ much more inclined to doubt my own
‘ Courage: for I muſt run a monſtrous
‘ Riſque. In ſhort, I muſt place ſuch a
‘ Confidence in your Honour as a wiſe Wo-
‘ man will ſcarce ever place in a Man on any
‘ Conſideration.’ In this Point likewise my

Lord

Lord very well satisfied her ; for his Reputation was extremely clear, and common Fame did him no more than Justice, in speaking well of him. ‘ Well then,’ said she, ‘ my Lord, ——I——I vow, I can’t bear the Apprehension of it —— No, it must not be.—At least every other Method shall be tried. Can you get rid of your Engagements and dine here to-day ? Your Lordship will have an Opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss *Western*.—I promise you we have no time to lose. Here will be no body but Lady *Betty*, and Miss *Eagle*, and Colonel *Hampsted*, and *Tom Edwards*, they will all go soon — and I shall be at home to no body. Then your Lordship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will contrive some Method to convince you of her Attachment to this Fellow.’ My Lord made proper Compliments, accepted the Invitation, and then they parted to dress, it being now past three in the Morning, or to reckon by the old Style, in the Afternoon.

CHAP. III.

A further Explanation of the foregoing Design.

TH O' the Reader may have long since concluded Lady *Bellaſton* to be a Member (and no inconsiderable one) of the Great World, ſhe was in reality a very conſiderable Member of *the Little World*; by which Appellation was diſtinguiſhed a very worthy and honourable Society which not long ſince flouriſhed in this Kingdom.

Among other good Principles upon which this Society was founded, there was one very remarkable; for as it was a Rule of an honourable Club of Heroes, who aſſembled at the cloſe of the late War, that all the Members ſhould every Day fight once at leaſt; ſo 'twas in this, that every Member ſhould, within the twenty-four Hours, tell at leaſt one merry Fib, which was to be propagated by all the Brethren and Siſterhood.

Many idle Stories were told about this Society, which from a certain Quality may
be

be perhaps not unjustly supposed to have come from the Society themselves. As, that the Devil was the President, and that he sat in Person in an elbow Chair at the upper End of the Table ; but upon very strict Enquiry, I find there is not the least Truth in any of those Tales, and that the Assembly consisted in reality of a Set of very good sort of People, and the Fibs which they propagated were of a harmless Kind, and tended only to produce Mirth and good Humour.

Edwards was likewise a Member of this comical Society. To him therefore Lady *Bellaſton* applied as a proper Instrument for her Purpose, and furnished him with a Fib, which he was to vent whenever the Lady gave him her Cue; and this was not to be till the Evening when all the Company but Lord *Fellamar* and himself were gone, and while they were engaged in a Rubbers at Whist.

To this Time then, which was between seven and eight in the Evening, we will convey our Reader ; when Lady *Bellaſton*, Lord *Fellamar*, Miss *Western*, and *Tom* being engaged at Whist, and in the last Game of their Rubbers, *Tom* received his Cue from
Lady

Lady *Bellaſton*, which was, I proteſt *Tom*, you are grown intolerable lately ; you uſed to tell us all the News of the Town, and now you know no more of the World than if you lived out of it.

Mr. *Edwards* then began as follows :
 ‘ The Fault is not mine, Madam ; It lies
 ‘ in the Dulneſs of the Age that doth no-
 ‘ thing worth talking of — O la ! tho’ now
 ‘ I think on’t, there hath a terrible Accident
 ‘ befallen poor Col. *Wilcox*. — Poor *Ned*
 ‘ — You know him, my Lord, every
 ‘ body knows him ; faith ! I am very much
 ‘ concerned for him.

‘ What is it, pray ?’ ſays Lady *Bellaſton*.

‘ Why, he hath killed a Man this Morn-
 ‘ ing in a Duel, that’s all.

His Lordſhip, who was not in the Secret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed ; to which *Edwards* answered, ‘ A young Fel-
 ‘ low we none of us know ; a *Somerſet-*
 ‘ ſhire Lad juſt come to town, one *Jones* his
 ‘ Name is ; a near Relation of one Mr. *All-*
 ‘ worthy, of whom your Lordſhip I be-
 ‘ lieve hath heard. I ſaw the Lad lie dead
 ‘ in

‘ in a Coffee-house.— Upon my Soul he
 ‘ is one of the finest Corpses I ever saw in
 ‘ my Life.

Sophia, who just began to deal as *Tom* had mentioned that a Man was killed, stopt her Hand, and listened with Attention, (for all Stories of that Kind affected her) but no sooner had he arrived at the latter part of the Story, then she began to deal again; and having dealt three Cards to one, and seven to another, and ten to a third, at last dropt the rest from her Hand, and fell back in her Chair.

The Company behaved as usually on these Occasions. The usual Disturbance ensued, the usual Assistance was summoned, and *Sophia* at last, as it is usual, returned again to Life, and was soon after, at her earnest Desire, led to her own Apartment; where, at my Lord's Request, Lady *Bella-ston* acquainted her with the Truth, attempted to carry it off as a Jest of her own, and comforted her with repeated Assurances, that neither his Lordship, nor *Tom*, though she had taught him the Story, were in the true Secret of the Affair.

There

There was no farther Evidence necessary to convince Lord *Fellamar* how justly the Case had been represented to him by Lady *Bellaſton*; and now at her Return into the Room, a Scheme was laid between those two noble Persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous Light to his Lordship, (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make the Lady all the subsequent amends in his Power by Marriage;) yet many of our Readers, we doubt not, will see with just Detestation.

The next Evening at seven was appointed for the fatal Purpose, when Lady *Bellaſton* undertook that *Sophia* should be alone, and his Lordship should be introduced to her. The whole Family were to be regulated for the Purpose, most of the Servants dispatched out of the House, and for Mrs. *Honour* who, to prevent any Suspicion, was to be left with her Mistress till his Lordship's Arrival, Lady *Bellaſton* herself was to engage her in an Apartment as distant as possible from the Scene of the intended Mischief, and out of the Hearing of *Sophia*.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordship took his Leave, and her Ladyship retired

tired to Rest, highly pleased with a Project of which she had no reason to doubt the Success, and which promised so effectually to remove *Sophia* from being any future Obstruction to her Amour with *Jones*, by a Means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the Fact appeared to the World; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a Marriage, to which she thought the ravished *Sophia* would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her Family would rejoice.

But Affairs were not in so quiet a Situation in the Bosom of the other Conspirator. His Mind was tost in all the the distracting Anxiety so nobly described by *Shakespear*.

Between the Acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the first Motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection.——

Though the Violence of his Passion had made him eagerly embrace the first Hint of this Design, especially as it came from

a Relation of the Lady, yet when that Friend to Reflection, a Pillow, had placed the Action itself in all its natural black Colours before his Eyes, with all the Consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it; his Resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other Side; and after a long Conflict which lasted a whole Night between Honour and Appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady *Bellaſton* and to relinquish the Design.

Lady *Bellaſton* was in Bed, though very late in the Morning, and *Sophia* ſitting by her Bedſide, when the Servant acquainted her that Lord *Fellamar* was below in the Parlour, upon which her Ladyſhip deſired him to ſtay, and that ſhe would ſee him preſently; but the Servant was no ſooner departed than poor *Sophia* began to intreat her Couſin not to encourage the Viſits of that odious Lord (ſo ſhe called him though a little unjuſtly) upon her Account. ‘I ſee his Deſign,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘for he made downright Love to me Yeſterday Morning; but as I am reſolved never to admit it, I beg your Ladyſhip not to leave us alone together any more, and to order
2 the

‘ the Servants that if he enquires for me I
‘ may be always denied to him.’

‘ La! Child,’ says Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘ you
‘ Country Girls have nothing but Sweet-
‘ Hearts in your Head; you fancy every
‘ Man who is civil to you is making Love.
‘ He is one of the moſt gallant young Fel-
‘ lows about Town, and I am convinced
‘ means no more than a little Gallantry.
‘ Make Love to you indeed! I wiſh with
‘ all my Heart he would, and you muſt be
‘ an arrant mad Woman to reſuſe him.’

‘ But as I ſhall certainly be that mad Wo-
‘ man,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ I hope his Viſits
‘ ſhall not be intruded upon me.

‘ O Child,’ ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘ you
‘ need not be ſo fearful, if you reſolve to
‘ run away with that *Jones*, I know no Per-
‘ ſon who can hinder you.’

‘ Upon my Honour, Madam,’ cries
Sophia, ‘ your Ladyſhip injures me. I will
‘ never run away with any Man; nor will
‘ I ever marry contrary to my Father’s In-
‘ clinations.’

‘ Well,

‘ Well, Miss *Western*,’ said the Lady,
 ‘ if you are not in a Humour to see Com-
 ‘ pany this Morning, you may retire to
 ‘ your own Apartment; for I am not
 ‘ frightned at his Lordship, and must send
 ‘ for him up into my Dressing-Room.

Sophia thanked her Ladyship and with-
 drew; and presently afterwards *Fellamar*
 was admitted up Stairs.

CH A P. IV.

*By which it will appear how dangerous an
 Advocate a Lady is, when she applies her
 Eloquence to an ill Purpose.*

WHEN Lady *Bellaston* heard the
 young Lord’s Scruples, she treated
 them with the same Disdain with which one of
 those Sages of the Law, called *Newgate* So-
 licitors, treats the Qualms of Conscience in a
 young Witness. ‘ My dear Lord,’ said she,
 ‘ you certainly want a Cordial. I must send
 ‘ to Lady *Edgely* for one of her best Drams.
 ‘ Fie upon it! have more Resolution. Are
 ‘ you frightned by the Word Rape? Or
 ‘ are you apprehensive ——? Well, if the
 ‘ Story

‘ Story of *Helen* was modern, I should
 ‘ think it unnatural. I mean the Behaviour
 ‘ of *Paris*, not the Fondness of the Lady ;
 ‘ for all Women love a Man of Spirit.
 ‘ There is another Story of the *Sabine* La-
 ‘ dies,—and that too, I thank Heaven, is
 ‘ very ancient. Your Lordship, perhaps,
 ‘ will admire my Reading ; but I think
 ‘ Mr. *Hook* tells us they made tolerable
 ‘ good Wives afterwards. I fancy few of
 ‘ my married Acquaintance were ravished
 ‘ by their Husbands.’ ‘ Nay, dear Lady
 ‘ *Bellaſton*,’ cried he, ‘ don’t ridicule me
 ‘ in this Manner.’ ‘ Why, my good Lord,’
 answered ſhe, ‘ do you think any Wo-
 ‘ man in *England* would not laugh at you
 ‘ in her Heart, whatever Prudery ſhe might
 ‘ wear in her Countenance?—You force
 ‘ me to uſe a ſtrange Kind of Language,
 ‘ and to betray my Sex moſt abominably :
 ‘ But I am contented with knowing my In-
 ‘ tentions are good, and that I am endea-
 ‘ vouring to ſerve my Couſin ; for I think
 ‘ you will make her a Husband notwith-
 ‘ ſtanding this ; or, upon my Soul, I would
 ‘ not even perſuade her to fling herſelf a-
 ‘ way upon an empty Title. She ſhould not
 ‘ upbraid me hereafter with having loſt a
 ‘ Man of Spirit ; for that his Enemies al-
 ‘ low this poor young Fellow to be.

Let those who have had the Satisfaction of hearing Reflections of this Kind from a Wife or a Mistress, declare whether they are at all sweetened by coming from a Female Tongue. Certain it is they sunk deeper into his Lordship, than any Thing which *Demosthenes* or *Cicero* could have said on the Occasion.

Lady *Bellafton* perceiving she had fired the young Lord's Pride, began now, like a true Orator, to rouse other Passions to its Assistance. 'My Lord,' says she, in a graver Voice, 'you will be pleased to remember you mentioned this Matter to me first; for I would not appear to you in the Light of one who is endeavouring to put off my Cousin upon you. Fourscore thousand Pounds do not stand in Need of an Advocate to recommend them. Nor doth Miss *Western*,' said he, 'require any Recommendation from her Fortune; for in my Opinion, no Woman ever had half her Charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord;' replied the Lady, looking in the Glass, 'there have been Women with more than half her Charms, I assure you; not that I need lessen her on that Account. She is a most delicious Girl, that's

‘ that’s certain ; and within these few Hours
 ‘ she will be in the Arms of one, who
 ‘ surely doth not deserve her, tho’ I will
 ‘ give him his due, I believe he is truly a
 ‘ Man of Spirit.’

‘ I hope so, Madam,’ said my Lord ;
 ‘ though I must own he doth not deserve
 ‘ her ; for unless Heaven, or your Lady-
 ‘ ship disappoint me, she shall within that
 ‘ Time be in mine.’

‘ Well spoken, my Lord,’ answered the
 ‘ Lady. ‘ I promise you no Disappoint-
 ‘ ment shall happen from my Side ; and
 ‘ within this Week I am convinced I shall
 ‘ call your Lordship my Cousin in Public.’

The Remainder of this Scene consisted
 entirely of Raptures, Excuses, and Com-
 pliments, very pleasant to have heard from
 the Parties ; but rather dull when related
 at second Hand. Here, therefore, we shall
 put an End to this Dialogue, and hasten
 to the fatal Hour, when every Thing was
 prepared for the Destruction of poor *Sophia*.

But this being the most tragical Matter in our whole History, we shall treat it in a Chapter by itself.

C H A P. V.

Containing some Matters which may affect, and others which may surprize the Reader.

THE Clock had now struck Seven, and poor *Sophia*, alone and melancholy, sat reading a Tragedy. It was the *Fatal Marriage*, and she was now come to that Part where the poor, distressed *Isabella* disposes of her Wedding-Ring.

Here the Book dropt from her Hand, and a Shower of Tears ran down into her Bosom. In this Situation she had continued a Minute, when the Door opened, and in came Lord *Fellamar*. *Sophia* started from her Chair at his Entrance; and his Lordship advancing forwards, and making a low Bow said, ‘I am afraid, Miss *Wes-*
‘*terr*, I break in upon you abruptly.’ ‘In-
‘deed, my Lord,’ says she, ‘I must own
‘myself a little surprized at this unexpect-
‘ed Visit.’ ‘If this Visit be unexpected,
‘Madam,’

‘ Madam,’ answered Lord *Fellamar*, ‘ my
 ‘ Eyes must have been very faithless Inter-
 ‘ preters of my Heart, when last I had the
 ‘ Honour of seeing you : For surely you
 ‘ could not otherwise have hoped to detain
 ‘ my Heart in your Possession, without re-
 ‘ ceiving a Visit from its Owner.’ *Sophia*,
 confus’d as she was, answered this Bom-
 bast (and very properly, I think,) with a
 Look of inconceivable Disdain. My Lord
 then made another and a longer Speech of
 the same Sort. Upon which *Sophia*, trem-
 bling, said, ‘ Am I really to conceive your
 ‘ Lordship to be out of your Senses ? Sure,
 ‘ my Lord, there is no other Excuse for
 ‘ such Behaviour.’——‘ I am, indeed, Ma-
 ‘ dam, in the Situation you suppose,’ cries
 his Lordship ; ‘ and sure you will pardon
 ‘ the Effects of a Frenzy which you yourself
 ‘ have occasioned : For Love hath so totally
 ‘ deprived me of Reason, that I am scarce
 ‘ accountable for any of my Actions.’
 ‘ Upon my Word, my Lord,’ said *Sophia*,
 ‘ I neither understand your Words nor
 ‘ your Behaviour.’——‘ Suffer me then,
 ‘ Madam,’ cries he, ‘ at your Feet to ex-
 ‘ plain both, by laying open my Soul to
 ‘ you, and declaring that I doat on you
 ‘ to the highest Degree of Distraction. O
 ‘ most adorable, most divine Creature !

‘ what Language can exprefs the Sentiments
‘ of my Heart?’ ‘ I do assure you, my
‘ Lord,’ faid *Sophia*, ‘ I fhall not ftay to
‘ hear any more of this.’ ‘ Do not,’ cries
‘ he, ‘ think of leaving me thus cruelly :
‘ Could you know half the Torments which
‘ I feel, that tender Bosom muft pity what
‘ thofe Eyes have caufed.’ Then fetching a
deep Sigh, and laying Hold of her Hand,
he ran on for fome Minutes in a Strain
which would be little more pleafing to the
Reader, than it was to the Lady ; and at
laft concluded with a Declaration, ‘ That
‘ if he was Master of the World, he would
‘ lay it at her Feet.’ *Sophia* then forcibly
pulling away her Hand from his, answered,
with much Spirit, ‘ I promife you, Sir,
‘ your World and its Master, I fhould
‘ fpurn from me with equal Contempt.’
She then offered to go, and Lord *Fellamar*
again laying Hold of her Hand, faid,
‘ Pardon me, my beloved Angel, Free-
‘ doms which nothing but Defpair could
‘ have tempted me to take.—Believe me,
‘ could I have had any Hope that my Ti-
‘ tle and Fortune, neither of them incon-
‘ fiderable, unlefs when compared with
‘ your Worth, would have been accepted,
‘ I had, in the humbleft Manner, present-
‘ ed them to your Acceptance.—But I
‘ cannot

‘ cannot lose you.—By Heaven, I will
 ‘ sooner part with my Soul.—You are,
 ‘ you must, you shall be only mine.’
 ‘ My Lord,’ said she, ‘ I intreat you to
 ‘ desist from a vain Pursuit ; for, upon my
 ‘ Honour, I will never hear you on this
 ‘ Subject. Let go my Hand, my Lord,
 ‘ for I am resolved to go from you this
 ‘ Moment, nor will I ever see you more.’
 ‘ Then, Madam,’ cries his Lordship, ‘ I
 ‘ must make the best Use of this Moment ;
 ‘ for I cannot, nor will not live without
 ‘ you.’——‘ What do you mean, my
 ‘ Lord?’ said *Sophia* ; ‘ I will raise the Fa-
 ‘ mily.’ I have no Fear, Madam,’ an-
 swered he, but of losing you, ‘ and that I
 ‘ am resolved to prevent, the only Way
 ‘ which Despair points to me’——He
 then caught her in his Arms ; upon which
 she screamed so loud, that she must have
 alarmed some one to her Assistance, had
 not Lady *Belloston* taken Care to remove
 all Ears. But a more lucky Circumstance
 happened for poor *Sophia* ; another
 Noise now broke forth, which almost
 drowned her Cries : For now the whole
 House rung with ‘ Where is she? D—n
 ‘ me, I’ll unkennel her this Instant.
 ‘ Shew me her Chamber, I say. Where is
 L 4 ‘ my

‘ my Daughter, I know she’s in the House,
 ‘ and I’ll see her if she’s above Ground.
 ‘ Shew me where she is.’——At which
 last Words the Door flew open, and in
 came Squire *Western*, with his Parson, and
 a Set of Myrmidons at his Heels.

How miserable must have been the Con-
 dition of poor *Sophia*, when the enraged
 Voice of her Father was welcome to her
 Ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily
 did he come; for it was the only Accident
 upon Earth, which could have preserved
 the Peace of her Mind from being for ever
 destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her Fright, pre-
 sently knew her Father’s Voice; and his
 Lordship, notwithstanding his Passion, knew
 the Voice of Reason, which peremptorily
 assured him, it was not now a Time for the
 Perpetration of his Villainy. Hearing,
 therefore, the Voice approach, and hearing
 likewise whose it was; for as the Squire
 more than once roared forth the Word
 Daughter, so *Sophia*, in the Midst of her
 Struggling, cried out upon her Father); he
 thought proper to relinquish his Prey, hav-
 ing only disordered her Handkerchief, and
 with

with his rude Lips committed Violence on her lovely Neck.

If the Reader's Imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the Situation of these two Persons when *Western* came into the Room. *Sophia* tottered into a Chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with Indignation at Lord *Fellamar*; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the Arrival of her Father.

His Lordship sat down near her, with the Bag of his Wig hanging over one of his Shoulders, the rest of his Dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater Proportion of Linnen than is usual appearing at his Bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire *Western*, he happened, at this Time, to be overtaken by an Enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake most of the Country Gentlemen in this Kingdom. He was literally speaking drunk; which Circumstance, together with his natural Impetuosity, could produce no other Effect, than his running immediately up to his Daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his Tongue in the

most inveterate Manner; nay, he had probably committed Violence with his Hands, had not the Parson interposed, saying, 'For Heaven's Sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the House of a great Lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your Wrath; it should minister a Fullness of Satisfaction that you have found your Daughter; for as to Revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great Contrition in the Countenance of the young Lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past Offences, and return unto her Duty.'

The Strength of the Parson's Arms had at first been of more Service than the Strength of his Rhetoric. However, his last Words wrought some Effect, and the Squire answered, 'I'll forgee her if she wull ha un. If wot ha un, *Sopby*, I'll forgee thee all. Why dost unt speak? Shat ha un? D—n me, shat ha un? Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn Tuoad?'

'Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,' said the Parson; 'you frighten

‘frighten the young Lady so, that you deprive her of all Power of Utterance.’

‘Power of mine A—, answered the Squire. You take her Part then, you do? A pretty Parson, truly, to side with an undutiful Child. Yes, yes, I will gee you a Living with a Pox. I’ll gee un to the Devil sooner.

‘I humbly crave your Pardon, said the Parson, I assure your Worship, I meant no such Matter.’

My Lady *Bellaſton* now entered the Room, and came up to the Squire, who no ſooner ſaw her, than reſolving to follow the Inſtructions of his Siſter, he made her a very civil Bow, in the rural Manner, and paid her ſome of his beſt Compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his Complaints, and ſaid, ‘There, my Lady Couſin, there ſtands the moſt undutiful Child in the World; ſhe hankers after a beggarly Rascal, and won’t marry one of the greateſt Matches in all *England*, that we have provided for her.’

‘Indeed, Couſin *Western*, answered the Lady, I am perſuaded you wrong my Couſin. I am ſure ſhe hath a better Un-

‘ derstanding. I am convinced she will
 ‘ not refuse what she must be sensible is so
 ‘ much to her Advantage.

This was a wilful Mistake in Lady *Bel-
 laston*; for she well knew whom Mr. *Wes-
 tern* meant; tho’ perhaps she thought he
 would easily be reconciled to his Lordship’s
 Proposals.

‘ Do you hear there, quoth the Squire
 ‘ what her Ladyship says? All your Fa-
 ‘ mily are for the Match.’ ‘ Come, *Sophy*,
 ‘ be a good Girl, and be dutiful, and
 ‘ make your Father happy.’

‘ If my Death will make you happy, Sir,
 ‘ answered *Sophia*, you will shortly be so.’

‘ It’s a Lie, *Sophy*, it’s a d—nd Lie,
 ‘ and you know it, said the Squire.’

‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*, said Lady *Bel-
 laston*, you injure your Father; he hath
 ‘ nothing in View but your Interest in this
 ‘ Match; and I and all your Friends must
 ‘ acknowledge the highest Honour done to
 ‘ your Family in the Proposal.’

‘ Ay, all of us, quoth the Squire; nay,
 ‘ it was no Proposal of mine. She knows

‘ it was her Aunt proposed it to me first.
 ‘ ———Come, *Sophy*, once more let me beg
 ‘ you to be a good Girl, and gee me your
 ‘ Consent before your Cousin.’

‘ Let me give him your Hand, Cousin,
 ‘ said the Lady. It is the Fashion now-a-days
 ‘ to dispense with Time and long Courtships.’

‘ Pugh, said the Squire, what signifies
 ‘ Time; won’t they have Time enough to
 ‘ court afterwards? People may court ve-
 ‘ ry well after they have been a-bed toge-
 ‘ ther.’

As Lord *Fellamar* was very well assured,
 that he was meant by Lady *Bellafton*, so
 never having heard nor suspected a Word
 of *Blifil*, he made no doubt of his being
 meant by the Father. Coming up there-
 fore to the Squire, he said, ‘ Though I
 ‘ have not the Honour, Sir, of being per-
 ‘ sonally known to you; yet as I find, I
 ‘ have the Happiness to have my Proposals
 ‘ accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in Be-
 ‘ half of the young Lady, that she may
 ‘ not be more solicted at this Time.’

‘ You intercede, Sir! said the Squire,
 ‘ why, who the Devil are you?’

‘ Sir,

‘ Sir, I am Lord *Fellamar*, answered he, and am the happy Man, whom I hope you have done the Honour of accepting for a Son-in-law.’

‘ You are a Son of a B——, replied the Squire, for all your laced Coat. You my Son-in-Law, and be d——nd to you !’

‘ I shall take more from you, Sir, than from any Man, answered the Lord ; but I must inform you, that I am not used to hear such Language without Resentment.’

‘ Resent my A——, quoth the Squire. Don’t think I am afraid of such a Fellow as thee art ? Because hast a got a Spit there dangling at thy Side. Lay by your Spit and I’ll give thee enough of meddling with what doth not belong to thee. ——— I’ll teach you to Father-in-law me. I’ll lick thy Jacket.’

‘ It’s very well, Sir, said my Lord, I shall make no Disturbance before the Ladies. I am very well satisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir; Lady *Bellafton*, your most obedient.’

His

His Lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady *Bellaſton* coming up to Mr. *Western*, ſaid, ‘ Blets me, Sir, what have you done? ‘ You know not whom you have affront- ‘ ed; he is a Nobleman of the firſt Rank ‘ and Fortune, and Yeſterday made Pro- ‘ poſals to your Daughter; and ſuch as I ‘ am ſure you muſt accept with the higheſt ‘ Pleaſure.’

‘ Answer for yourſelf, Lady Couſin, ſaid ‘ the Squire, I will have nothing to do with ‘ any of your Lords. My Daughter ſhall ‘ have an honeſt Country Gentleman; I ‘ have pitched upon one for her,—and ‘ ſhe ſhall ha’ un. — I am ſorry for the ‘ Trouble ſhe hath given your Ladyſhip ‘ with all my Heart.’ Lady *Bellaſton* made a civil Speech upon the Word Trouble, to which the Squire answered, ‘ Why that’s ‘ kind,—and I would do as much for your ‘ Ladyſhip. To be ſure Relations ſhould ‘ do for one another. So I wiſh your La- ‘ dyſhip a good Night. —Come, Madam, ‘ you muſt go along with me by fair ‘ Means, or I’ll have you carried down to ‘ the Coach.’

‘ *Sophia* ſaid ſhe would attend him with- ‘ out Force; but begged to go in a Chair, ‘ for

‘ for she said she should not be able to ride
 ‘ any other Way.’

‘ Prithee, cries the Squire, wout unt
 ‘ persuade me canst not ride in a Coach,
 ‘ wouldst? That’s a pretty Thing surely.
 ‘ No, no, I’ll never let thee out of my
 ‘ Sight any more till art married, that I
 ‘ promise thee.’ *Sophia* told him she saw
 ‘ he was resolved to break her Heart.’ ‘ O
 ‘ break thy Heart and be d—nd, quoth
 ‘ he, if a good Husband will break it. I
 ‘ don’t value a Brass Varden, not a Ha-
 ‘ penny of any undutiful B— upon Earth.’
 He then took violently hold of her Hand;
 upon which the Parson once more inter-
 fered, begging him to use gentle Methods.
 At that the Squire thundered out a
 Curse, and bid the Parson hold his Tongue,
 saying, ‘ At’n’t in Pulpit now? when art a
 ‘ got up there I never mind what dost say;
 ‘ but I won’t be Priest-ridden, nor taught
 ‘ how to behave myself by thee. I wish
 ‘ your Ladyship a good Night. Come a-
 ‘ long, *Sophy*, be a good Girl, and all shall
 ‘ be well. Shat ha un, d—n me, shat ha
 ‘ un.

Mrs. *Honour* appeared below Stairs, and
 with a low Curtesy to the Squire, offered

to

to attend her Mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, ‘Hold, Madam, hold, you come no more near my House.’ ‘And will you take my Maid away from me,’ said *Sophia*? ‘Yes, indeed, Madam, will I, cries the Squire; you need not fear being without a Servant, I will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than this, who, I’d lay five Pound to a Crown, is no more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, *Sophy*, she shall contrive no more Escapes I promise you.’ He then packed up his Daughter and the Parson into the Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he suffered *Sophia* to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a Lecture to the Parson on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his Daughter from Lady *Belaston*, had that good Lady desired to have detained her; but in reality she was not a little pleased with the Confinement into which *Sophia* was going; and as her Project with Lord *Fellamar* had failed of Success, she was well contented that other violent

olent Methods were now going to be used in Favour of another Man.

C H A P. VI.

By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.

THOUGH the Reader in many Histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. *Western*, without any Satisfaction at all; yet as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we shall now proceed to shew by what Method the Squire discovered where his Daughter was.

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Custom to unfold at any Time more than is necessary for the Occasion) that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who was very desirous of reconciling herself to her Uncle and Aunt *Western*, thought she had a probable Opportunity by the Service of preserving *Sophia* from committing the same Crime which had drawn on herself the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore she resolved to inform her Aunt *Western* where her Cousin was, and accordingly she writ the

the following Letter, which we shall give the Reader at length for more Reasons than one.

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ The Occasion of my writing this will
‘ perhaps make a Letter of mine agreeable
‘ to my dear Aunt, for the Sake of one of
‘ her Nieces, though I have little Reason
‘ to hope it will be so on the account of
‘ another.

‘ Without more Apology, as I was com-
‘ ing to throw my unhappy Self at your
‘ Feet, I met, by the strangest Accident in
‘ the World, my Cousin *Sophy*, whose His-
‘ tory you are better acquainted with than
‘ myself, though, alas! I know infinitely
‘ too much; enough indeed to satisfy me,
‘ that unless she is immediately prevented,
‘ she is in Danger of running into the same
‘ fatal Mischief, which, by foolishly and
‘ ignorantly refusing your most wise and
‘ prudent Advice, I have unfortunately
‘ brought on myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the Man, nay
‘ I was most part of Yesterday in his Com-
‘ pany, and a charming young Fellow I
‘ promise you he is. By what Accident
‘ he

‘ he came acquainted with me is too tedious to tell you now ; but I have this Morning changed my Lodging to avoid him, lest he should by my Means discover my Cousin ; for he doth not yet know where she is, and it is adviseable he should not till my Uncle hath secured her. — No Time therefore is to be lost, and I need only inform you, that she is now with Lady *Bellaſton*, whom I have seen, and who hath, I find, a Design of concealing her from her Family. You know, Madam, she is a strange Woman ; but nothing could misbecome me more, than to presume to give any Hint to one of your great Understanding and great Knowledge of the World, besides barely informing you of the Matter of Fact.

‘ I hope, Madam, the Care which I have shewn on this Occasion for the Good of my Family, will recommend me again to the Favour of a Lady who hath always exerted so much Zeal for the Honour and true Interest of us all ; and that it may be a Means of restoring me to your Friendship, which hath made so great a Part of my former, and

‘ and is so necessary to my future Happiness. I am,

‘ With the utmost Respect,

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ Your most dutiful obliged Niece,

‘ And most Obedient

‘ Humble Servant,

‘ *Harriet Fitzpatrick.*

Mrs. *Western* was now at her Brother’s House, where she had resided ever since the Flight of *Sophia*, in order to administer Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort which she doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

‘ She was now standing with her Back to the Fire, and with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire while he smoaked his Afternoon Pipe, when she received the above Letter ; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, ‘ There, Sir, there is an Account ‘ of your lost Sheep. Fortune hath again ‘ restored her to you, and if you will be ‘ go-

‘ governed by my Advice, it is possible you
‘ may yet preserve her.’

The Squire had no sooner read the Letter than he leap’d from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then summoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the Chevalier and several other Horses to be saddled, and that Parson *Supple* should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his Sister, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a close Embrace, saying, ‘ Zounds! you don’t seem pleased,
‘ one would imagine you was sorry I have
‘ found the Girl.’

‘ Brother, answered she, the deepest
‘ Politicians who see to the Bottom discover often a very different Aspect of Affairs, from what swims on the Surface,
‘ It is true indeed, Things do look rather
‘ less desperate than they did formerly in
‘ *Holland*, when *Lewis* the fourteenth was
‘ at the Gates of *Amsterdam*; but there is
‘ a Delicacy required in this Matter, which
‘ you will pardon me, Brother, if I suspect you want. There is a Decorum to
‘ be used with a Woman of Figure, such
‘ as Lady *Bellafton*, Brother, which requires

‘ a Knowledge of the World superior, I
‘ am afraid, to yours.’

‘ Sister, cries the Squire, I know you
‘ have no Opinion of my Parts ; but I’ll
‘ shew you on this Occasion who is Fool.
‘ Knowledge quotha ! I have not been in
‘ the Country so long without having some
‘ Knowledge of Warrants and the Law of
‘ the Land. I know I may take my own
‘ wherever I can find it. Shew me my
‘ own Daughter, and if I don’t know how
‘ to come at her, I’ll suffer you to call me
‘ Fool as long as I live. There be Justices
‘ of Peace in *London*, as well as in other
‘ Places.’

‘ I protest, cries she, you make me trem-
‘ ble for the Event of this Matter, which
‘ if you will proceed by my Advice, you
‘ may bring to so good an Issue. Do you
‘ really imagine, Brother, that the House
‘ of a Woman of Figure is to be attacked by
‘ Warrants and brutal Justices of the Peace?
‘ I will inform you how to proceed. As
‘ soon as you arrive in Town, and have got
‘ yourself into a decent Dress (for indeed,
‘ Brother, you have none at present fit to
‘ appear in) you must send your Compli-
‘ ments to Lady *Bellaſton*, and desire
‘ Leave

‘ Leave to wait on her. When you are
‘ admitted to her Presence, as you certainly
‘ will be, and have told her your Story,
‘ and have made proper Use of my Name,
‘ (for I think you only just know one another
‘ by Sight, though you are Relations,) I
‘ am confident she will withdraw her Pro-
‘ tection from my Niece, who hath cer-
‘ tainly imposed upon her. This is the on-
‘ ly Method.—Justices of Peace indeed!
‘ do you imagine any such Event can ar-
‘ rive to a Woman of Figure in a civilized
‘ Nation ?

‘ D—n their Figures, cries the Squire ;
‘ a pretty civilized Nation truly, where
‘ Women are above the Law. And what
‘ must I stand sending a Parcel of Compli-
‘ ments to a confounded Whore, that keeps
‘ away a Daughter from her own natural
‘ Father ? I tell you, Sister, I am not so
‘ ignorant as you think me. — I know
‘ you would have Women above the Law,
‘ but it is all a Lie ; I heard his Lordship
‘ say at ’Size, that no one is above the
‘ Law. But this of yours is *Hannover*
‘ Law, I suppose.’

• Mr.

‘ Mr. *Western*, said she, I think you daily improve in Ignorance. — I protest you are grown an errant Bear.’

‘ No more a Bear than yourself, Sister *Western*, said the Squire.—Pox! you may talk of your Civility and you will, I am sure you never shew any to me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog neither, though I know Somebody, that is something that begins with a B——, but Pox! I will shew you I have a got more good Manners than some Folks.’

‘ Mr. *Western*, answered the Lady, you may say what you please, *Je vous mesprise de tout mon Cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.—Besides, as my Cousin with that odious *Irish* Name justly says, I have that Regard for the Honour and true Interest of my Family, and that Concern for my Niece, who is a Part of it, that I have resolved to go to Town myself upon this Occasion; for indeed, indeed, Brother, you are not a fit Minister to be employed at a polite Court. — *Greenland—Greenland* should always be the Scene of the *Tramontane* Negotiation.’

‘ I thank Heaven,’ cries the Squire, I don’t
 ‘ understand you, now. You are got to your
 ‘ *Hannoverian* Linguo. However, I’ll shew
 ‘ you I scorn to be behind-hand in Civility
 ‘ with you; and as you are not angry for
 ‘ what I have said, so I am not angry for
 ‘ what you have said. Indeed I have always
 ‘ thought it a Folly for Relations to quar-
 ‘ rel; and if they do now and then give a
 ‘ hasty Word, why People should give
 ‘ and take; for my Part I never bear Ma-
 ‘ lice; and I take it very kind of you to
 ‘ go up to *London*, for I never was there
 ‘ but twice in my Life, and then I did
 ‘ not stay above a Fortnight at a Time;
 ‘ and to be sure I can’t be expected to
 ‘ know much of the Streets and the Folks
 ‘ in that Time. I never denied that you
 ‘ know’d all these Matters better than I.
 ‘ For me to dispute that would be all as
 ‘ one, as for you to dispute the Manage-
 ‘ ment of a Pack of Dogs, or the finding
 ‘ a Hare sitting, with me.—Which I pro-
 ‘ mise you, says she, I never will.—Well,
 ‘ and I promise you, returned he, that I
 ‘ never will dispute the t’other.’

Here then a League was struck (to bor-
 row a Phrase from the Lady) between the
 contending Parties; and now the Parson
 ar-

arriving, and the Horses being ready, the Squire departed, having promised his Sister to follow her Advice, and she prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated these Matters to the Parson on the Road, they both agreed that the prescribed Formalities might very well be dispensed with; and the Squire having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already seen.

CH A P. VII.

In which various Misfortunes befall poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid Situation, when Mrs. *Honour* arrived at Mrs. *Miller's*, and called *Jones* out from the Company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows.

‘ O my dear Sir, how shall I get Spirits to tell you; you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady’s undone, and I am undone.’ ‘ Hath any thing happened to *Sophia*?’ cries *Jones*, staring like a Madman. ‘ All that is bad, cries *Honour*, ‘ O I shall never get such another Lady!

‘ O that I should ever live to see this Day!’
 At these Words *Jones* turned pale as Ashes,
 trembled and stammered; but *Honour* went
 on. ‘ O, Mr. *Jones*, I have lost my Lady
 ‘ for ever.’ ‘ How! What! for Heaven’s
 ‘ Sake tell me. — O my dear *Sophia*!’ —
 ‘ You may well call her so, said *Honour*,
 ‘ she was the dearest Lady to me. — I
 ‘ shall never have such another Place.’ —
 ‘ D—n your Place, cries *Jones*, where is?
 ‘ what! what is become of my *Sophia*?’
 ‘ Ay, to be sure, cries she, Servants may be
 ‘ d—n’d. It signifies nothing what becomes
 ‘ of them, tho’ they are turned away, and
 ‘ ruined ever so much. To be sure they are
 ‘ not Flesh and Blood like other People. No
 ‘ to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes
 ‘ of them.--If you have any Pity, any Com-
 ‘ passion, cries *Jones*, I beg you will instantly
 ‘ tell me what hath happened to *Sophia*?’
 ‘ To be sure I have more Pity for you than
 ‘ you have for me, answered *Honour*; I don’t
 ‘ d—n you because you have lost the sweet-
 ‘ est Lady in the World. To be sure you
 ‘ are worthy to be pitied, and I am wor-
 ‘ thy to be pitied too: For to be sure if e-
 ‘ ver there was a good Mistress’ — What
 ‘ hath happened, cries *Jones*, in almost a
 ‘ raving Fit. — What? — What? said
 ‘ *Honour*! why the worst that could have
 ‘ happened both for you and for me. —

' Her Father is come to Town, and hath
 ' carried her away from us both.' Here
Jones fell on his Knees in Thanksgiving
 that it was no worse.— ' No worse! repeat-
 ' ed *Honour*, what could be worse for either
 ' of us? He carried her off, swearing she
 ' should marry Mr. *Blifil*; that's for your
 ' Comfort; and for poor me, I am turned
 ' out of Doors.' Indeed Mrs. *Honour*, an-
 ' swered *Jones*, you frightened me out of
 ' my Wits. I imagined some most dread-
 ' ful sudden Accident had happened to *So-*
 ' *phila*; something, compared to which, even
 ' the seeing her married to *Blifil* would be
 ' a Trifle; but while there is Life, there
 ' are Hopes, my dear *Honour*. Women in
 ' this Land of Liberty cannot be married
 ' by actual brutal Force.' ' To be sure, Sir,
 ' said she, that's true. There may be some
 ' Hopes for you; but alack-a-day! what
 ' Hopes are there for poor me? And to be
 ' sure, Sir, you must be sensible I suffer all this
 ' upon your Account. All the Quarrel the
 ' Squire hath to me is for taking your Part,
 ' as I have done, against Mr. *Blifil*.' ' Indeed
 ' Mrs. *Honour*, answered he, I am sensible of
 ' my Obligations to you, and will leave
 ' nothing in my Power undone to make you
 ' amends.' ' Alas, Sir, said she, what can
 ' make a Servant amends for the Loss of one
 ' Place, but the getting another altogether

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‘ as good !’ — ‘ Do not despair, Mrs. Ho-
‘ nour, said Jones, I hope to reinstate you
‘ again in the same.’ ‘ Alack-a-day, Sir, said
‘ she, how can I flatter myself with such
‘ Hopes, when I know it is a Thing im-
‘ possible ; for the Squire is so set against
‘ me ; and yet if you should ever have my
‘ Lady, as to be sure I now hopes heartily
‘ you will ; for you are a generous good-
‘ natured Gentleman, and I am sure you
‘ loves her, and to be sure she loves you
‘ as dearly as her own Soul ; it is a Mat-
‘ ter in vain to deny it ; because as why,
‘ every Body that is in the least acquainted
‘ with my Lady, must see it ; for, poor
‘ dear Lady, she can’t dissemble ; and if
‘ two People who loves one another a’n’t
‘ happy, why who should be so ? Happi-
‘ ness don’t always depend upon what Peo-
‘ ple has ; besides, my Lady has enough
‘ for both. To be sure therefore as one
‘ may say, it would be all the Pity in the
‘ World to keep two such Loviers asun-
‘ der ; nay, I am convinced for my
‘ Part, you will meet together at last ; for
‘ if it is to be, there is no preventing it.
‘ If a Marriage is made in Heaven, all the
‘ Justices of Peace upon Earth can’t break
‘ it off. To be sure I wishes that Parson
‘ *Supple* had but a little more Spirit to tell the
‘ Squire

' Squire of his Wickedness in endeavouring
 ' to force his Daughter contrary to her
 ' Liking; but then his whole Dependance
 ' is on the Squire, and so the poor Gentle-
 ' man, though he is a very religious good
 ' sort of Man and talks of the Badness of
 ' such Doings behind the Squire's Back,
 ' yet he dares not say his Soul is his own to
 ' his Face. To be sure I never saw him
 ' make so bold as just now, I was afraid
 ' the Squire would have struck him. —
 ' I would not have your Honour be
 ' melancholy, Sir, nor despair; Things
 ' may go better, as long as you are sure
 ' of my Lady, and that I am certain you
 ' may be, for she never will be brought to
 ' consent to marry any other Man. In-
 ' deed, I am terribly afraid the Squire will
 ' do her a Mischief in his Passion: For he
 ' is a prodigious passionate Gentleman, and
 ' I am afraid too the poor Lady will be
 ' brought to break her Heart, for she is as
 ' tender-hearted as a Chicken; it is pity me-
 ' thinks, she had not a little of my Courage.
 ' If I was in Love with a young Man, and
 ' my Father offered to lock me up, I'd tear
 ' his Eyes out, but I'd come at him; but
 ' then there's a great Fortune in the Case,
 ' which it is in her Father's Power either to
 M 4 ' give

‘give her or not; that, to be sure, may
‘make some Difference.’

Whether *Jones* gave strict Attention to all the foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for want of any Vacancy in the Discourse, I cannot determine; but he never once attempted to answer, nor did she once stop, till *Partridge* came running into the Room, and informed him that the great Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which *Jones* was now reduced. *Honour* knew nothing of any Acquaintance that subsisted between him and Lady *Bellauston*, and she was almost the last Person in the World to whom he would have communicated it. In this Hurry and Distress, he took (as is common enough) the worst Course, and instead of exposing her to the Lady, which would have been of little Consequence, he chose to expose the Lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide *Honour*, whom he had but just time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which *Jones* had been all Day engaged on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occasioned

sioned by Mrs. *Honour*, and the Confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had altogether driven former Thoughts out of his Head; ſo that it never once occur'd to his Memory to act the Part of a ſick Man; which indeed, neither the Gayety of his Dreſs, nor the Freſhneſs of his Countenance would have at all ſupported.

He received her Ladyſhip therefore rather agreeably to her Deſires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muſter in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the leaſt Diſorder.

Lady *Bellaſton* no ſooner entered the Room, than ſhe ſquatted herſelf down on the Bed: ‘ So, my dear *Jones*,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither ſeen nor heard from you all Day; for I perceive your Diſtemper would have ſuffered you to come abroad; Nay, I ſuppoſe you have not ſit in your Chamber all Day dreſt up like a fine Lady to ſee Company after a Lying-in; but however, don’t think I intend to ſcold you: For I never will give

‘ you an Excuse for the cold Behaviour of
‘ a Husband, by putting on the ill Humour
‘ of a Wife.

‘ Nay, Lady *Bellafton*,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I
‘ am fure your Ladyship will not upbraid
‘ me with neglect of Duty, when I only
‘ waited for Orders. Who, my dear Crea-
‘ ture, hath Reason to complain? Who
‘ missed an Appointment last Night, and
‘ left an unhappy Man to expect, and wish,
‘ and sigh, and languish?’

‘ Do not mention it, my dear Mr. *Jones*,’
cried she. ‘ If you knew the Occasion, you
‘ would pity me. In fhort, it is impossible to
‘ conceive what Women of Condition
‘ are obliged to fuffer from the Impertinence
‘ of Fools, in order to keep up the Farce of
‘ the World. I am glad however, all your
‘ languishing and wishing have done you
‘ no harm: for you never looked better
‘ in your Life. Upon my Faith! *Jones*,
‘ you might at this Instant fit for the Pic-
‘ ture of *Adonis*.’

There are certain Words of Provocation
which Men of Honour hold can only pro-
perly be answered by a Blow. Among
Lovers poffibly there may be fome Expres-
fions

sions which can only be answered by a Kiss. The Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* now made *Jones* ſeems to be of this Kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a Look in which the Lady conveyed more ſoft Ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her Tongue.

Jones was certainly at this Inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſt ſituations imaginable; for to carry on the Compariſon we made uſe of before, tho' the Provocation was given by the Lady, *Jones* could not receive Satisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the Preſence of a third Perſon; Seconds in this kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady *Bellaſton*, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome time in great Aſtoniſhment for an Answer from *Jones*, who conſcious of the ridiculous Figure he made, ſtood at a Diſtance, and not daring to give the proper Answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this Scene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The Lady had already changed Colour two three times; had got up from the Bed and ſat down again, while *Jones* was wiſhing

the Ground to sink under him, or the House to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarrassment out of which neither the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, nor the Politicks of a *Machiavel* could have delivered him, without utter Disgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young *Nightingale* dead drunk ; or rather in that State of Drunkenness which deprives Men of the Use of their Reason, without depriving them of the Use of their Limbs.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Daughters were in Bed, and *Partridge* was smoaking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire ; so that he arrived at Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burst open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when *Jones* started from his Seat, and ran to oppose him ; which he did so effectually, that *Nightingale* never came far enough within the Door to see who was sitting on the Bed.

Nightingale had in Reality mistaken *Jones*'s Apartment for that in which himself had lodged ; he therefore strongly insisted on coming in, often swearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed. *Jones*, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him
into

into the Hands of *Partridge*, whom the Noise on the Stairs soon summoned to his Master's Assistance.

And now *Jones* was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Instant of his Entrance he heard Lady *Bellaston* venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same time, saw her flinging herself into a Chair in a vast Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Constitution would have been an Hysteric Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men, of which she did not know what would be the Issue, as she heard *Nightingale* swear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confusion she found already occupied by another.

‘ Is this Usage to be borne, Mr. *Jones*?’ cries the Lady, ‘ — basest of Men! —
 ‘ What Wretch is this to whom you have
 ‘ exposed me?’ ‘ Wretch!’ cries *Honour*,
 bursting in a violent Rage from her Place
 of Concealment — ‘ marry come up! —
 ‘ Wretch forsooth! — As poor a Wretch as
 ‘ I

‘ I am, I am honest, that is more than
 ‘ some Folks who are richer can say.

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the Edge of *Mrs. Honour*’s Resentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to cursing his Stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate Man in the World ; and presently after, addressing himself to *Lady Bellafton*, he fell to some very absurd Protestations of Innocence. By this time the Lady having recovered the Use of her Reason, which she had as ready as any Woman in the World, especially on such Occasions, calmly replied ;
 ‘ Sir, you need make no Apologies, I see
 ‘ now who the Person is ; I did not at first
 ‘ know *Mrs. Honour* ; but now I do, I can
 ‘ suspect nothing wrong between her and
 ‘ you ; and I am sure she is a Woman of
 ‘ too good Sense to put any wrong Con-
 ‘ structions upon my Visit to you ; I have
 ‘ been always her Friend, and it may be in
 ‘ my Power to be much more so here-
 ‘ after.’

Mrs. Honour was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore *Lady Bellafton* assume the soft Tone, she likewise softened her’s. ——— ‘ I’m sure,
 ‘ Madam,’

‘ Madam,’ says she, ‘ I have been always
 ‘ ready to acknowledge your Ladyship’s
 ‘ Friendships to me ; sure I never had so
 ‘ good a Friend as your Ladyship ——
 ‘ and to be sure now I see it is your Lady-
 ‘ ship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my
 ‘ Tongue off for very mad.——I Con-
 ‘ structions upon your Ladyship —— to
 ‘ be sure it doth not become a Servant as I
 ‘ am to think about such a great Lady —
 ‘ I mean I was a Servant : for indeed I am
 ‘ no Body’s Servant now, the more misera-
 ‘ ble Wretch is me.——I have lost the best
 ‘ Mistress.’ —— Here *Honour* thought
 fit to produce a Shower of Tears.— ‘ Don’t
 ‘ cry, Child,’ says the good Lady, ‘ Ways
 ‘ perhaps may be found to make you a-
 ‘ mends. Come to me to-morrow Morn-
 ‘ ing.’ She then took up her Fan which
 lay on the Ground, and without even look-
 ing at *Jones*, walked very majestically out
 of the Room ; there being a kind of Dignity
 in the Impudence of Women of Quality,
 which their Inferiors vainly aspire to attain
 to in Circumstances of this Nature.

Jones followed her down Stairs, often of-
 fering her his Hand, which she absolutely
 refused him, and got into her Chair without
 taking any Notice of him as he stood bow-
 ing before her.

At

At his Return up Stairs, a long Dialogue pass between him and Mrs. *Honour*, while she was adjusting herself after the Discomposure she had undergone. The Subject of this was his Infidelity to her young Lady; on which she enlarged with great Bitterness; but *Jones* at last found means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a Promise of most inviolable Secrecy, and that she would the next Morning endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and bring him a further Account of the Proceedings of the Squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate Adventure to the Satisfaction only of Mrs. *Honour*; for a Secret (as some of my Readers will perhaps acknowledge from Experience) is often a very valuable Possession; and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the Ears of every one, except the ignorant Person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the Obligations she had received from *Jones*, *Mrs. Miller* could not forbear in the Morning some gentle Remonstrances for the Hurricane which had happened the preceding Night in his Chamber. These were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the real good of *Mr. Jones* himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the Admonition of the good Woman, expressed much Concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same Disturbances into the House.

But though *Mrs. Miller* did not refrain from a short Expostulation in private at their first meeting; yet the Occasion of his being summoned down Stairs that Morning was of a much more agreeable Kind; being indeed to perform the Office of a Father to *Miss Nancy*, and to give her in Wedlock to *Mr. Nightingale*, who was now ready drest,
and

and full as sober as many of my Readers will think a Man ought to be who receives a Wife in so imprudent a Manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the Escape which this young Gentleman had made from his Uncle, and for his Appearance in the Condition in which we have seen him the Night before.

Now when the Uncle had arrived at his Lodgings with his Nephew, partly to indulge his own Inclinations (for he clearly loved his Bottle) and partly to disqualify his Nephew from the immediate Execution of his Purpose, he ordered Wine to be set on the Table; with which he so briskly ply'd the young Gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to Drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of Disobedience or of want of Complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the Uncle had obtained this Victory, and was preparing a Bed for his Nephew, a Messenger arrived with a Piece of News, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that he in a Moment lost all Consideration for his Nephew, and his whole

whole Mind became entirely taken up with his own Concerns.

This sudden and afflicting News was no less than that his Daughter had taken the Opportunity of almost the first Moment of his Absence, and had gone off with a Neighbouring young Clergyman ; against whom tho' her Father could have had but one Objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her Amour even to that Father ; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now that it was consummated.

Old Mr. *Nightingale* no sooner received this Account, than in the utmost Confusion he ordered a Post-Chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his Nephew to the Care of a Servant, he directly left the House, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The Uncle being thus departed, when the Servant came to attend the Nephew to Bed, had waked him for that Purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his Uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind Offices tendered him, insisted on a
Chair

Chair being called ; with this the Servant, who had received no strict Orders to the contrary, readily complied ; and thus being conducted back to the House of Mrs. Miller, he had staggered up to Mr. Jones's Chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This Bar of the Uncle being now removed (though young *Nightingale* knew not as yet in what Manner) and all Parties being quickly ready, the Mother, Mr. Jones, Mr. *Nightingale*, and his Love stepped into a Hackney-Coach, which conveyed him to Doctor's Commons ; where Miss *Nancy* was, in vulgar Language, soon made an honest Woman, and the poor Mother became in the purest Sense of the Word, one of the happiest of all human Beings.

And now Mr. Jones having seen his good Offices to that poor Woman and her Family brought to a happy Conclusion, began to apply himself to his own Concerns ; but here lest many of my Readers should censure his Folly for thus troubling himself with the Affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our Reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this Matter, that he
had

Ch. 8. a FOUNDLING. 261

had indeed a very considerable Interest in bringing it to that final Consummation.

To explain this seeming Paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in *Terence*, *Homo sum: Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent Spectator of the Misery or Happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in greater Proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the Instrument of raising a whole Family from the lowest State of Wretchedness to the highest Pitch of Joy without conveying great Felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly Men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe Labour, and often by wading through the deepest Iniquity.

Those Readers who are of the same Complexion with him will perhaps think this short Chapter contains abundance of Matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it had been totally spared as impertinent to the main Design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring *Mr. Jones* to the Gallows, or if possible, to a more deplorable Catastrophe.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Containing Love-Letters of several Sorts.

MR. Jones at his Return Home, found the following Letters lying on his Table, which he luckily opened in the Order they were sent.

L E T T E R I.

‘ Surely I am under some strange Infa-
‘ tuation ; I cannot keep my Resolutions a
‘ Moment, however strongly made or just-
‘ ly founded. Last Night I resolved never
‘ to see you more ; this Morning I am
‘ willing to hear if you can, as you say,
‘ clear up this Affair. And yet I know
‘ that to be impossible. I have said every
‘ Thing to myself which you can invent.
‘ —Perhaps not. Perhaps your Inven-
‘ tion is stronger. Come to me therefore
‘ the Moment you receive this. If you can
‘ forge an Excuse, I almost promise you
‘ to believe it. Betrayed to — I will
‘ think no more.—Come to me directly.—
‘ —This is the third Letter I have writ,
‘ the two former are burnt—I am almost
‘ inclined

‘ inclined to burn this too—I wish I pre-
‘ serve my Senses.—Come to me pre-
‘ sently.’

L E T T E R II.

‘ If you ever expect to be forgiven, or
‘ even suffered within my Doors, come to
‘ me this Instant.

L E T T E R III.

‘ I now find you was not at Home when
‘ my Notes came to your Lodgings. The
‘ Moment you receive this let me see you ;
‘ —I shall not stir out ; nor shall any Body
‘ be let in but yourself. Sure nothing can
‘ detain you long.’

Jones had just read over these three Bil-
lets, when Mr. *Nightingale* came into the
Room. ‘ Well, *Tom*,’ said he, ‘ any News
‘ from Lady *Bellafton*, after last Night’s
‘ Adventure ?’ (for it was now no Secret to
any one in that House who the Lady was.)
‘ The Lady *Bellafton* ?’ answered *Jones* very
gravely.—‘ Nay, dear *Tom*,’ cries *Nightin-*
gale, ‘ don’t be so reserved to your Friends.
‘ Though I was too drunk to see her last
‘ Night, I saw her at the Masquerade. Do
‘ you

‘ you think I am ignorant who the Queen of
 ‘ the Fairies is ?’ ‘ And did you really then
 ‘ know the Lady at the Masquerade ?’ said
Jones. ‘ Yes, upon my Soul, did I,’ said *Night-*
ingale, ‘ and have given you twenty Hints of
 ‘ it since, though you seemed always so
 ‘ tender on that Point, that I wou’d not
 ‘ speak plainly. I fancy, my Friend, by
 ‘ your extreme Nicety in this Matter, you
 ‘ are not so well acquainted with the Cha-
 ‘ racter of the Lady, as with her Person.
 ‘ Don’t be angry, *Tom*, but, upon my Ho-
 ‘ nour, you are not the first young Fellow
 ‘ she hath debauched. Her Reputation is
 ‘ in no Danger, believe me.’

Though *Jones* had no Reason to imagine
 the Lady to have been of the vestal Kind
 when his Amour began, yet as he was tho-
 roughly ignorant of the Town, and had
 very little Acquaintance in it, he had yet no
 Knowledge of that Character which is vul-
 garly called a Demirep; that is to say, a
 Woman who intrigues with every Man she
 likes, under the Name and Appearance of
 Virtue; and who, though some over-nice
 Ladies will not be seen with her, is visited,
 (as they term it) by the whole Town; in
 short, whom every Body knows to be what
 no Body calls her.

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When he found, therefore, that *Nightingale* was perfectly acquainted with his Intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a Delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the Occasion, he gave a Latitude to his Friend's Tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the Lady.

Nightingale, who in many other Instances, was rather too effeminate in his Disposition, had a pretty strong Inclination to Tittle-Tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full Liberty of speaking from *Jones*, than he entered upon a long Narrative concerning the Lady; which, as it contained many Particulars highly to her Dishonour, we have too great a Tenderness for all Women of Condition to repeat; we would cautiously avoid giving an Opportunity to the future Commentators on our Works, of making any malicious Application; and of forcing us to be, against our Will, the Author of Scandal, which never entered into our Head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that *Nightingale* had to say, fetched a deep Sigh, which the other observing, cried, 'Heyday! Why thou art not in Love I hope! Had I imagined my Stories would have affected you, I promise you should never have heard them.' 'O my dear Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'I am so entangled with this Woman, that I know not how to extricate myself.' 'In Love indeed?' 'No, my Friend, but I am under Obligations to her, and very great ones. Since you know so much, I will be very explicit with you. It is owing perhaps solely to her, that I have not, before this, wanted a Bit of Bread. How can I possibly desert such a Woman? And yet I must desert her, or be guilty of the blackest Treachery to one, who deserves infinitely better of me than she can: A Woman, my *Nightingale*, for whom I have a Passion which few can have an Idea of. I am half distracted with Doubts how to act.' And is this other, pray, an honourable Mistress?' cries *Nightingale*. 'Honourable?' answered *Jones*; 'No Breath ever yet durst sully her Reputation. The sweetest Air is not purer, the limpid Stream not clearer than her Honour.'

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‘nour. She is all over, both in Mind
‘and Body, consummate Perfection. She
‘is the most beautiful Creature in the Uni-
‘verse ; and yet she is Mistress of such
‘noble, elevated Qualities, that though she
‘is never from my Thoughts, I scarce ever
‘think of her Beauty, but when I see it.’
‘And can you, my good Friend,’ cries
Nightingale, ‘with such an Engagement as
‘this upon your Hands, hesitate a Mo-
‘ment about quitting such a——’ ‘Hold,’
said *Jones*, ‘no more Abuse of her ; I de-
‘test the Thought of Ingratitude.’ ‘Pooh !
answered the other, ‘you are not the first
‘upon whom she hath conferred Obliga-
‘tions of this Kind. She is remarkably
‘liberal where she likes ; though, let me
‘tell you, her Favours are so prudently
‘bestowed, that they should rather raise a
‘Man’s Vanity, than his Gratitude.’ In
short, *Nightingale* proceeded so far on this
Head, and told his Friend so many Stories
of the Lady, which he swore to the Truth
of, that he entirely removed all Esteem for
her from the Breast of *Jones* ; and his Gra-
titude was lessened in Proportion. Indeed he
began to look on all the Favours he had re-
ceived, rather as Wages than Benefits,
which not only depreciated her, but himself
too in his own Conceit, and put him quite

out of Humour with both. From this Disgust, his Mind, by a natural Transition, turned towards *Sophia*: Her Virtue, her Purity, her Love to him, her Sufferings on his Account, filled all his Thoughts, and made his Commerce with Lady *Bellafton* appear still more odious. The Result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her *Service*, in which Light he now saw his Affair with her, would be the Loss of his Bread, yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome Pretence; which having communicated to his Friend, *Nightingale* considered a little, and then said, ‘ I have it, my Boy; I have found out a sure Method: Propose Marriage to her, and I would venture Hanging upon the Success.’ ‘ Marriage!’ cries *Jones*. ‘ Ay, propose Marriage,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ and she will declare off in a Moment. I knew a young Fellow whom she kept formerly, who made the Offer to her in earnest, and was presently turned off for his Pains.’

Jones declared he could not venture the Experiment. ‘ Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ she may be less shocked at this Proposal from one Man than from another. And if she should take me at my Word, where am I then?’

‘ I then ? Caught in my own Trap, and
 ‘ undone for ever.’ ‘ No ;’ answered
Nightingale, ‘ not if I can give you an Ex-
 ‘ pedient, by which you may, at any Time,
 ‘ get out of the Trap.’——‘ What Expe-
 ‘ dient can that be ?’ reply’d *Jones*. ‘ This,
 answered *Nightingale*. ‘ The young Fel-
 ‘ low I mentioned, who is one of the most
 ‘ intimate Acquaintances I have in the
 ‘ World, is so angry with her for some ill
 ‘ Offices she hath since done him, that I am
 ‘ sure he would, without any Difficulty,
 ‘ give you a Sight of her Letters ; upon
 ‘ which you may decently break with her,
 ‘ and declare off before the Knot is ty’d, if
 ‘ she should really be willing to tie it, which
 ‘ I am convinced she will not.

After some Hesitation, *Jones*, upon the
 Strength of this Assurance, consented ; but
 as he swore he wanted the Confidence to
 propose the Matter to her Face, he wrote
 the following Letter, which *Nightingale*
 dictated.

‘ *Madam*;

‘ I am extremely concerned, that, by an
 ‘ unfortunate Engagement abroad, I should
 ‘ have missed receiving the Honour of
 ‘ your Ladyship’s Commands the Moment

‘ they came ; and the Delay which I must
‘ now suffer of vindicating myself to your
‘ Ladyship, greatly adds to this Misfor-
‘ tune. O Lady *Bellaſton*, what a Terror
‘ have I been in for Fear your Reputation
‘ ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe Acci-
‘ dents. There is one only Way to ſecure it.
‘ I need not name what that is. Only per-
‘ mit me to ſay, that as your Honour is as
‘ dear to me as my own, ſo my ſole Am-
‘ bition is to have the Glory of laying my
‘ Liberty at your Feet ; and believe me
‘ when I aſſure you, I can never be made
‘ completely happy, without you generously
‘ beſtow on me a legal Right of calling you
‘ mine for ever. I am,

Madam,

With moſt profound Reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip’s moſt Obliged,

Obedient Humble Servant,

Thomas Jones.’

To this ſhe preſently returned the follow-
ing Answer.

‘ *Sir,*

‘ *Sir,*
 ‘ When I read over your serious Epistle,
 ‘ I could, from its Coldness and Forma-
 ‘ lity, have sworn that you had already
 ‘ the legal Right you mention; nay, that
 ‘ we had, for many Years, composed that
 ‘ monstrous Animal a Husband and Wife.
 ‘ Do you really then imagine me a Fool?
 ‘ Or do you fancy yourself capable of so
 ‘ entirely persuading me out of my Senses,
 ‘ that I should deliver my whole Fortune
 ‘ into your Power, in order to enable you
 ‘ to support your Pleasures at my Ex-
 ‘ pence. Are these the Proofs of Love
 ‘ which I expected? Is this the Return
 ‘ for—but I scorn to upbraid you, and
 ‘ am in great Admiration of your profound
 ‘ Respect.

‘ *P. S.* I am prevented from revising :
 ‘ —Perhaps I have said more than I
 ‘ meant.—Come to me at Eight this
 ‘ Evening.’

Jones, by the Advice of his Privy-Coun-
 cil, reply’d :

“ *Madam,*

“ It is impossible to express how much I
“ am shocked at the Suspicion you enter-
“ tain of me. Can Lady *Bellaston* have
“ conferred Favours on a Man whom she
“ could believe capable of so base a Design?
“ Or can she treat the most solemn Tie
“ of Love with Contempt? Can you ima-
“ gine, Madam, that if the Violence of my
“ Passion, in an unguarded Moment, over-
“ came the Tenderneſs which I have for
“ your Honour, that I would think of in-
“ dulguing myself in the Continuance of an
“ Intercourse, which could not possibly
“ escape long the Notice of the World;
“ and which, when discovered, must prove
“ so fatal to your Reputation? If such be
“ your Opinion of me, I must pray for a
“ sudden Opportunity of returning those
“ pecuniary Obligations, which I have been
“ so unfortunate to receive at your Hands;
“ and for those of a more tender Kind, I
“ shall ever remain, &c.” And so conclud-
ed in the very Words with which he had
concluded the former Letter.

The Lady answered as follows.

“ I see

‘ I see you are a Villain ; and I despise
 ‘ you from my Soul. If you come here,
 ‘ I shall not be at Home.’

Though *Jones* was well satisfied with his Deliverance from a Thralldom which those who have ever experienced it will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in his Mind. There was, in this Scheme, too much of Fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every Species of Falshood or Dishonesty : Nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in Practice, had he not been involved in a distressful Situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some Dishonour, either to the one Lady or the other ; and surely the Reader will allow, that every good Principle, as well as Love, pleaded strongly in Favour of *Sophia*.

Nightingale, highly exulted in the Success of his Stratagem, upon which he received many Thanks, and much Applause from his Friend. He answered, ‘ Dear *Tom*, we
 ‘ have conferred very different Obligations
 ‘ on each other. To me you owe the re-
 ‘ gaining your Liberty ; to you I owe the

‘ Loss of mine. But if you are as happy
‘ in the one Instance, as I am in the other,
‘ I promise you we are the two happiest Fel-
‘ lows in *England*.’

The two Gentlemen were now summoned down to Dinner, where Mrs. *Miller*, who performed herself the Office of Cook, had exerted her best Talents, to celebrate the Wedding of her Daughter. This joyful Circumstance, as she ascribed principally to the friendly Behaviour of *Jones*, her whole Soul was fired with Gratitude towards him, and all her Looks, Words, and Actions were so busied in expressing it, that her Daughter, and even her new Son-in-Law, were very little the Objects of her Consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. *Miller* received a Letter; but as we have had Letters enough in this Chapter, we shall communicate the Contents in our next.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Consisting partly of Facts, and partly of Observations upon them.

THE Letter then which arrived at the End of the preceding Chapter was from Mr. *Allworthy*, and the Purport of it was his Intention to come immediately to Town, with his Nephew *Bliffl*, and a Desire to be accommodated with his usual Lodgings, which were the first Floor for himself, and the second for his Nephew.

The Chearfulness which had before display'd itself in the Countenance of the poor Woman, was a little clouded on this Occasion. This News did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a Match with her Daughter, by presently turning her new Son-in-Law out of Doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one Hand; and on the other, she could scarce bear the Thoughts of making any Excuse to Mr. *Allworthy*, after all the Obligations received from him, for depriving him of Lodgings which were indeed strictly

his Due: For that Gentleman, in conferring all his numberless Benefits on others, acted by a Rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous People. He contrived, on all Occasions, to hide his Beneficence not only from the World, but even from the Object of it. He constantly used the Words Lend and Pay, instead of Give; and by every other Method he could invent, always lessened the Favours he conferred with his Tongue, while he was heaping them with both his Hands. When he settled the Annuity of 50 *l.* a Year, therefore, on Mrs. *Miller*, he told her, 'It was in Consideration of always having her First-Floor when he was in Town,' (which he scarce ever intended to be) 'but that she might let it at any other Time, for that he would always send her a Month's Warning.' He was now, however, hurried to Town so suddenly, that he had no Opportunity of giving such Notice; and this Hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his Lodgings, adding, *if they were then empty*: For he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient Excuse, than what Mrs. *Miller* could now have made.

But

But there are a Sort of Persons, who, as *Prior* excellently well remarks, direct their Conduct by something.

Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools:
Beyond the Letter of the Law.

To these it is so far from being sufficient: that their Defence would acquit them at the *Old-Bailey*, that they are not even contented, though Conscience, the severest of all Judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the Fair and Honourable will satisfy the Delicacy of their Minds; and if any of their Actions fall short of this Mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a Murderer, who is afraid of a Ghost, or of the Hangman.

Mrs. *Miller* was one of these. She could not conceal her Uneasiness at this Letter; with the Contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the Company, and given some Hints of her Distress, than *Jones*, her good Angel, presently relieved her Anxiety. 'As for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my Lodging is at your Service at a
'Moment's

‘ Moment’s Warning ; and Mr. *Nightingale*, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a House fit to receive his Lady, will consent to return to his new Lodging, whither Mrs. *Nightingale* will certainly consent to go.’ With which Proposal both Husband and Wife instantly agreed.

The Reader will easily believe, that the Cheeks of Mrs. *Miller* began again to glow with additional Gratitude to *Jones* ; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him that Mr. *Jones* having, in his last Speech, called her Daughter Mrs. *Nightingale*, (it being the first Time that agreeable Sound had ever reached her Ears) gave the fond Mother more Satisfaction, and warmed her Heart more towards *Jones*, than his having dissipated her present Anxiety.

The next Day was then appointed for the Removal of the new-married Couple, and of Mr. *Jones*, who was likewise to be provided for in the same House with his Friend. And now the Serenity of the Company was again restored, and they past the Day in the utmost Chearfulness, all except *Jones*, who, though he outwardly accompanied
the

the rest in their Mirth, felt many a bitter Pang on the Account of his *Sophia*; which were not a little heightened by the News of Mr. *Bliss*'s coming to Town, (for he clearly saw the Intention of his Journey :) And what greatly aggravated his Concern was, that Mrs. *Honour*, who had promised to enquire after *Sophia*, and to make her Report to him early the next Evening, had disappointed him.

In the Situation that he and his Mistress were in at this Time, there were scarce any Grounds for him to hope that he should hear any good News; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. *Honour*, as if he had expected she would bring him a Letter with an Assignment in it from *Sophia*, and bore the Disappointment as ill. Whether this Impatience arose from that natural Weakness of the Human Mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders Uncertainty the most intolerable of Pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret Hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the Powers exercised by this Passion over our Minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting Hope in the midst of Despair. Difficulties, Improbabilities, nay Impossibilities

are quite overlook'd by it; so that to any Man extremely in Love, may be applied what *Addison* says of *Cæsar*,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans sink before him!

Yet it is equally true, that the same Passion will sometimes make Mountains of Molehills, and produce Despair in the midst of Hope; but these cold Fits last not long in good Constitutions. Which Temper *Jones* was now in, we leave the Reader to guess, having no exact Information about it; but this is certain, that he had spent two Hours in Expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his Uneasiness, he retired to his Room; where his Anxiety had almost made him frantick, when the following Letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we shall present the Reader *verbatim & literalim*.

“ S I R,

“ I shud sartenly haf kaled on you a cor-
 “ din too mi Prommiss haddunt itt bin that
 “ hur Lashipp prevent mee; for too bee sur,
 “ Sir, you nose very wel that evere Persun
 “ must luk furst at ome, and sarrenly such
 “ anuther offar mite not ave ever hapned,
 “ so as I shud ave bin justly to blam, had
 “ I not excepted of it when her Laship
 “ was so veri kind as to offar to mak
 “ mee hur one Uman without mi ever
 “ askin any such thing, to bee sur shee is
 “ won

“ won of thee best Ladis in thee Wurld,
 “ and Pepil who safe to thee Kontrari
 “ must bee veri wicket Pepil in thare Harts.
 “ Tobe sur if ever I ave sad any thing of that
 “ Kine it as bin thru Ignorens and I am
 “ hartili forri for it. I nose your Onor
 “ to be a Genteelman of more Onur and
 “ Onesty, if I ever said ani such thing
 “ to repete it to hurt a pore Servant that
 “ as alwais ad thee gratest Respect in thee
 “ World for ure Onur. To bee sur won
 “ shud kepe wons Tung within one’s
 “ Teeth, for no Boddi nose what may ha-
 “ pen; and too bee sur if ani Boddi ad
 “ tolde mee Yesterday, that I shud haf
 “ bin in so gud a Plase to Day, I shud not
 “ haf beleevd it; for too bee sur I never
 “ was a dremd of any such Thing, nor
 “ shud I ever ha soft after ani other Bodi’s.
 “ Plase; but as her Laship wafs so kine of
 “ her one a cord too give it mee without
 “ askin, to be sure Mrs. *Etoff* herself, nor
 “ no other Bodi can blam mee for exceptin
 “ such a Thing when it fals in mi Waye. I
 “ beg ure Onur not too menshon ani thing
 “ of what I haf sad, for I wish ure Onur
 “ all thee gud Luk in thee Wurld; and
 “ I don’t cuestion butt thatt u wil haf
 “ Madam *Sofia* in the End; butt as to
 “ miself:

" miself ure Onur nose I kant bee of ani
 " farder Sarvis to u in that Matar, nou
 " bein under thee Cumand off anuthar
 " Parson, and nott mi one Mistress. I
 " begg ure Onur to say nothing of what
 " past, and belive me to be, Sir,

" Ure Onur's umble Sarvant

" To Cumand till Deth,

" Honour Blackmore."

Various were the Conjectures which
Jones entertained for this Step of Lady
Bellaſton; who in Reality had little further
 Design than to ſecure within her own Houſe
 the Repository of a Secret, which ſhe choſe
 ſhould make no farther Progreſs than it had
 made already; but moſtly ſhe deſired to
 keep it from the Ears of *Sophia*; for tho'
 that young Lady was almoſt the only one
 who would never have repeated it again,
 her Ladyſhip could not perſuade herſelf of
 this; ſince as ſhe now hated poor *Sophia*
 with moſt implacable Hatred, ſhe conceived
 a reciprocal Hatred to herſelf to be lodged
 in the tender Breſt of our Heroine, where
 no ſuch Paſſion had never yet found an En-
 trance.

While

While *Jones* was terrifying himself with the Apprehension of a thousand dreadful Machinations, and deep political Designs, which he imagined to be at the Bottom of the Promotion of *Honour*, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter Enemy to his Match with *Sophia*, try'd a new Method to put a final End to it, by throwing a Temptation in the Way of *Jones*, which in his present desperate Situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

C H A P. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented Matter.

THERE was a Lady, one Mrs. *Hunt*, who had often seen *Jones* at the House where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the Women there, and indeed a very great Friend to Mrs. *Miller*. Her Age was about thirty, for she owned six and twenty; her Face and Person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her Relations to an old *Turkey* Merchant, who having got a great Fortune, had left off Trade,

Trade. With him she lived without Reproach, but not without Pain, in a State of great Self denial, for about twelve Years; and her Virtue was rewarded by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The first Year of her Widowhood was just at an End, and she had past it in a good deal of Retirement, seeing only a few particular Friends, and dividing her Time between her Devotions and Novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good Health, a very warm Constitution, and a great deal of Religion made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second Husband, as she had done her Friends in the first. From her the following Billet was brought to *Jones*.

• Sir,

• From the first Day I saw you I doubt
 • my Eyes have told you too plainly, that
 • you were not indifferent to me; but nei-
 • ther my Tongue nor my Hand should
 • have ever avowed it, had not the Ladies
 • of the Family where you are lodged gi-
 • ven me such a Character of you, and told
 • me such Proofs of your Virtue and Good-
 • ness, as convince me you are not only
 • the

‘ the most agreeable, but the most worthy
 ‘ of Men. I have also the Satisfaction to
 ‘ hear from them, that neither my Person,
 ‘ Understanding or Character are disagree-
 ‘ able to you. I have a Fortune sufficient
 ‘ to make us both happy, but which can-
 ‘ not make me so without you. In thus
 ‘ disposing of myself I know I shall incur
 ‘ the Censure of the World, but if I did
 ‘ not love you more than I fear the World
 ‘ I should not be worthy of you. One
 ‘ only Difficulty stops me: I am informed
 ‘ you are engaged in a Commerce of Gal-
 ‘ lantry with a Woman of Fashion. If
 ‘ you think it worth while to sacrifice that
 ‘ to the Possession of me, I am yours; if
 ‘ not forget my Weakness, and let this
 ‘ remain an eternal Secret between you
 ‘ and

“ *Arabella Hunt.* ”

At the reading of this *Jones* was put in-
 to a violent Flutter. His Fortune was then
 at a very low Ebb, the Source being stopt
 from which hitherto he had been supplied.
 Of all he had received from Lady *Bellafton*
 not above five Guineas remained, and that
 very Morning he had been dunned by a
 Tradesman for twice that Sum. His ho-
 nourable

nourable Mistress was in the Hands of her Father, and he had scarce any Hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be subsisted at her Expence from that little Fortune she had independent of her Father, went much against the Delicacy both of his Pride and his Love. This Lady's Fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no Objection to her in any Respect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any Woman except *Sophia*. But to abandon *Sophia*, and marry another, that was impossible; he could not think of it upon any Account. Yet why should he not, since it was plain she could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeless Passion for him? Ought he not to do so in Friendship to her? This Notion prevailed some Moments, and he had almost determined to be false to her from a high Point of Honour; but that Refinement was not able to stand very long against the Voice of Nature, which cried in his Heart, that such Friendship was Treason to Love. At last he called for Pen, Ink and Paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. *Hunt*.

‘ Ma-

‘ Madam,

‘ It would be but a poor Return to the
 ‘ Favour you have done me, to sacrifice a-
 ‘ ny Gallantry to the Possession of you,
 ‘ and I would certainly do it, tho’ I were
 ‘ not disengaged, as at present I am, from
 ‘ any Affair of that Kind. But I should
 ‘ not be the honest Man you think me, if
 ‘ I did not tell you, that my Affections are
 ‘ engaged to another, who is a Woman of
 ‘ Virtue, and one that I never can leave,
 ‘ though it is probable I shall never possess
 ‘ her. God forbid that in Return of your
 ‘ Kindness to me, I should do you such an
 ‘ Injury, as to give you my Hand, when
 ‘ I cannot give my Heart. No, I had
 ‘ much rather starve than be guilty of that.
 ‘ Even though my Mistress were married
 ‘ to another, I would not marry you un-
 ‘ less my Heart had entirely effaced all Im-
 ‘ pressions of her. Be assured that your
 ‘ Secret was not more safe in your own
 ‘ Breast, than in that of

‘ Your most obliged, and

‘ Grateful Humble Servant,

‘ T. Jones.’

When

When our Heroe had finished and sent this Letter, he went to his Scrutore, took out Miss *Western's* Muff, kiss'd it several Times, and then strutted some Turns about his Room with more Satisfaction of Mind than ever any *Irishman* felt in carrying off a Fortune of fifty Thousand Pounds.

CH A P. XII.

A Discovery made by Partridge.

WHILE *Jones* was exulting in the Consciousness of his Integrity, *Partridge* came capering into the Room, as was his Custom when he brought, or fancied he brought, any good Tidings. He had been dispatched that Morning, by his Master, with Orders to endeavour, by the Servants of Lady *Bellaſton*, or by any other Means, to discover whither *Sophia* had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful Countenance told our Heroe, that he had found the lost Bird. ‘ I have seen, Sir, says he, black *George*, the Game-keeper, who is one of the Servants whom the Squire hath brought with him to
‘ Town,

‘ Town. I knew him presently, though I
 ‘ have not seen him these several Years;
 ‘ but you know, Sir, he is a very remark-
 ‘ able Man, or to use a purer Phrase, he
 ‘ hath a most remarkable Beard, the larg-
 ‘ est and blackest I ever saw. It was some
 ‘ Time however before black *George* could
 ‘ recollect me.’ — ‘ Well, but what is your
 ‘ good News? cries *Jones*, what do you
 ‘ know of my *Sophia*?’ — ‘ You shall
 ‘ know presently, Sir, answered *Partridge*,
 ‘ I am coming to it as fast as I can. —
 ‘ You are so impatient, Sir, you would
 ‘ come at the Infinitive Mood, before you
 ‘ can get to the Imperative. As I was
 ‘ saying, Sir, it was some Time before he
 ‘ recollected my Face.’ — ‘ Confound your
 ‘ Face, cries *Jones*, what of my *Sophia*?’
 ‘ — Nay, Sir, answered *Partridge*, I know
 ‘ nothing more of Madam *Sophia*, than
 ‘ what I am going to tell you; and I
 ‘ should have told you all before this if you
 ‘ had not interrupted me; but if you look
 ‘ so angry at me, you will frighten all of
 ‘ it out of my Head, or to use a purer
 ‘ Phrase, out of my Memory. I never
 ‘ saw you look so angry since the Day we
 ‘ left *Upton*, which I shall remember if I
 ‘ was to live a thousand Years.’ — Well,
 ‘ pray go on in your own Way, said *Jones*,
 VOL.V. O ‘ you

‘ you are resolved to make me mad I find.’
 ‘ Not for the World, answered *Partridge*,
 ‘ I have suffered enough for that already;
 ‘ which, as I said, I shall bear in my Re-
 ‘ membrance the longest Day I have to
 ‘ live.’ —— ‘ Well, but black *George* ? cries
 ‘ *Jones*.’ —— ‘ Well, Sir, as I was saying,
 ‘ it was a long Time before he could re-
 ‘ collect me, for indeed I am very much
 ‘ altered since I saw him. *Non sum qualis*
 ‘ *eram*. I have had Troubles in the World,
 ‘ and nothing alters a Man so much as
 ‘ Grief. I have heard it will change the
 ‘ Colour of a Man’s Hair in a Night.
 ‘ However, at last, know me he did, that’s
 ‘ sure enough; for we are both of an Age,
 ‘ and were at the same Charity School.
 ‘ *George* was a great Dunce, but no Mat-
 ‘ ter for that; all Men do not thrive in the
 ‘ World according to their Learning. I
 ‘ am sure I have Reason to say so; but it
 ‘ will be all one a Thousand Years hence.
 ‘ Well, Sir,—where was I?—O—well, we
 ‘ no sooner knew each other, than after
 ‘ many hearty Shakes by the Hand, we a-
 ‘ greed to go to an Alehouse and take a
 ‘ Pot, and by good Luck the Beer was
 ‘ some of the best I have met with since I
 ‘ have been in Town.——Now, Sir, I am
 ‘ coming to the Point; for no sooner did

‘ I

‘ I name you, and told him, that you and
 ‘ I came to Town together, and had lived
 ‘ together ever since, than he called for an-
 ‘ other Pot, and swore he would drink
 ‘ to your Health; and indeed he drank
 ‘ your Health so heartily, that I was over-
 ‘ joyed to see there was so much Gratitude
 ‘ left in the World; and after we had emp-
 ‘ tied that Pot, I said I would be my Pot
 ‘ too, and so we drank another to your
 ‘ Health; and then I made haste Home
 ‘ to tell you the News.’

‘ What News? cries *Jones*, you have not
 ‘ mentioned a Word of my *Sophia*!’——
 ‘ Bless me! I had like to have forgot that.
 ‘ Indeed we mentioned a great deal about
 ‘ young Madam *Western*, and *George* told
 ‘ me all; that Mr. *Blifil* is coming to Town
 ‘ in order to be married to her. He had
 ‘ best make haste then, says I, or some Bo-
 ‘ dy will have her before he comes, and in-
 ‘ deed, says I, Mr. *Seagrim*, it is a Thou-
 ‘ sand Pities some Body should not have
 ‘ her; for he certainly loves her above all
 ‘ the Women in the World. I would have
 ‘ both you and she know, that it is not for
 ‘ her Fortune he follows her; for I can as-
 ‘ sure you as to Matter of that, there is
 ‘ another Lady, one of much greater Qua-
 ‘ lity

' lity and Fortune than she can pretend to,
 ' who is so fond of Somebody, that she
 ' comes after him Day and Night.' Here
 Jones fell into a Passion with *Partridge*, for
 having, as he said, betrayed him; but the
 poor Fellow answered, he had mentioned
 no Name; ' Besides, Sir, said he, I can
 ' assure you, *George* is sincerely your Friend,
 ' and wished Mr. *Blifil* at the Devil more
 ' than once; nay, he said he would do any
 ' thing in his Power upon Earth to serve
 ' you; and so I am convinced he will.——
 ' Betray you indeed! why I question whe-
 ' ther you have a better Friend than *George*
 ' upon Earth, except myself, or one that
 ' would go farther to serve you.'

' Well, says *Jones*, a little pacified, you
 ' say this Fellow, who I believe indeed is
 ' enough inclined to be my Friend, lives
 ' in the same House with *Sophia*?

' In the same House! answered *Partridge*,
 ' why, Sir, he is one of the Servants of the
 ' Family, and very well drest I promise
 ' you he is; if it was not for his black
 ' Beard you would hardly know him.'

' One

‘ One Service then at least he may do me, says *Jones*; sure he can certainly convey a Letter to my *Sophia*.’

‘ You have hit the Nail *ad unguem*, cries *Partridge*; how came I not to think of it? I will engage he shall do it upon the very first mentioning.’

‘ Well then, said *Jones*, do you leave me at present, and I will write a Letter which you shall deliver to him To-morrow Morning; for I suppose you know where to find him.’

‘ O yes, Sir, answered *Partridge*, I shall certainly find him again, there is no Fear of that. The Liquor is too good for him to stay away long. I make no doubt but he will be there every Day he stays in Town.’

‘ So you don’t know the Street then where my *Sophia* is lodged? cries *Jones*.’

‘ Indeed, Sir, I do, says *Partridge*.’

‘ What is the Name of the Street? cries *Jones*.’

The

‘ The Name, Sir, why here, Sir, just
‘ by, answered *Partridge*, not above a
‘ Street or two off. I don’t indeed know
‘ the very Name ; for as he never told me,
‘ if I had asked, you know it might have
‘ put some Suspicion into his Head. No,
‘ no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am
‘ too cunning for that, I promise you.’

‘ Thou art most wonderfully cunning
‘ indeed, replied *Jones* ; however I will
‘ write to my Charmer, since I believe you
‘ will be cunning enough to find him To-
‘ morrow at the Alehouse.’

And now having dismissed the sagacious
Partridge, Mr. *Jones* sat himself down to
write, in which Employment we shall leave
him for a Time. And here we put an End
to the fifteenth Book.

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The End of the Fifth Volume.